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CINEMAS
Page 4
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ANXIETY RELIEVED

British Interest In Dardanelles

(SPECIAL TO "CHINA MAIL")

IT IS LEARNED THAT SPECIAL REFERENCE WAS MADE TO THE BALKANS AND DARDANELLES IN A MEETING DESCRIBED AS "CORDIAL" BETWEEN THE FOREIGN SECRETARY, LORD HALIFAX AND THE SOVIET AMBASSADOR, M. IVAN MAISKY, IN LONDON YESTERDAY.

Apparently M. Maisky gave no exact indication on the Dardanelles but the general declarations he made "tended to reassure Lord Halifax."

U.S. WANTS BASES IN BRITISH TERRITORY

A recommendation that the United States should acquire and fortify fleet and air bases in Bermuda and Nova Scotia was made by three members of the House of Representatives military committee yesterday after a survey of the north-eastern coastal defences.—Reuter.

NEW NAVAL ACTION UNLIKELY

There is reason to believe, according to a Reuter despatch from Washington, that a settlement will soon be reached ending the threat of Anglo-French naval hostilities near Martinique.

The prospect of an agreement appears to have developed from active intervention by Mr. Cordell Hull to seek a solution satisfactory to both sides. It is expected that the arrangement will be given the assent of the French and will require them to undertake to keep any warships or aircraft at Martinique, or remove them to a neutral port for internment.

Observers stress it is naturally impossible to see in London to what extent M. Maisky's statements reflect the slowing down of the recent Russian campaign against Turkey.

It is admitted the campaign caused anxiety both in Ankara and London.

London clearly hopes for an easing of the Turco-Soviet tension and is convinced Turkey is doing all she can to improve relations with the Soviet.

At the same time, British quarters approve the precautionary defence measures taken by Ankara. These measures, they say, are possibly aimed at countering any eventual danger from Germany or Italy and cannot be interpreted as an anti-Soviet move.—Havas.

AIR ATTACKS IN WESTERN DESERT

An R.A.F. official communique issued in Cairo yesterday says: "Sidi Barrani was bombed yesterday by enemy aircraft. Slight damage was caused but there were no casualties."

A formation of Blenheims attacked a large petrol dump near Tobruk. Direct hits were registered on the target and large flames were seen.

Several raids were carried out against Macacca aerodrome and landing grounds on the evening of the ninth. A direct hit was registered on one hangar, much black smoke resulting.

In another raid carried out by bombers supported by fighters the latter destroyed three C.R.42's on the ground by machine gun fire. All our aircraft returned safely.—British Wireless.

Fighting On Kenya Frontier

A British war communique issued in Cairo stated: "British Moyale was heavily attacked on July 9 and fighting continues. Buna was bombed without damage or casualties."—British Wireless.



Cadets being trained as officers "somewhere in the North," are taught to master the motor-cycle, which was master of the situation judging by this picture. (Copy-right, Fox).

ROWED 400 MILES TO SAFETY

After being nine days at the mercy of Atlantic weather, and compelled throughout to man oars, 27 survivors of the British tanker "Atholl Laird" have arrived, exhausted, but safe, at an Irish port.

The "Atholl Laird" was torpedoed by a U-boat on July 2, more than 400 miles off the Irish coast.

The survivors had been rowing since then against rough seas, for 400 miles.

The Atholl Laird was a tanker of 9,000 tons.

ONE-DISH RESTAURANTS IN ENGLAND

(Special to "China Mail") Starting on Monday, all hotels and restaurants throughout the United Kingdom will serve only one dish, Mr. Robert Boothby, parliamentary secretary to the Food Ministry, announced yesterday. "This dish will be fish, fowl, game or meat, rationed or not, according to circumstances."—Havas.

"LEGIONS" TO DO DEFENCE WORK

(Special to "China Mail")

Pending reorganisation and equipment, certain of the Allied forces in Britain will be employed on various defence works, Mr. Richard Law, financial secretary to the War Office, announced in the Commons yesterday.—Havas.

Informed circles in Tokyo stated yesterday the Japanese army and navy have reached a detailed understanding on the necessity to "seize the historical golden opportunity now being offered to Japan" as a result of the European situation.

A powerful expansion southward is advocated. Such a programme, however, obviously depends on the prior strengthening of the home political structure, as well as the adoption of a policy less encumbered by formalities and attention to the idiosyncracies of third powers, according to the army and navy.

The army primarily objects to Foreign Minister Arita's "statement diplomacy" and demands the adoption of "action on first principles."

Such statements as Mr. Arita made regarding the status quo in the Netherlands East Indies actually hinder Japan in pressing her economic claims on the islands, the army says.

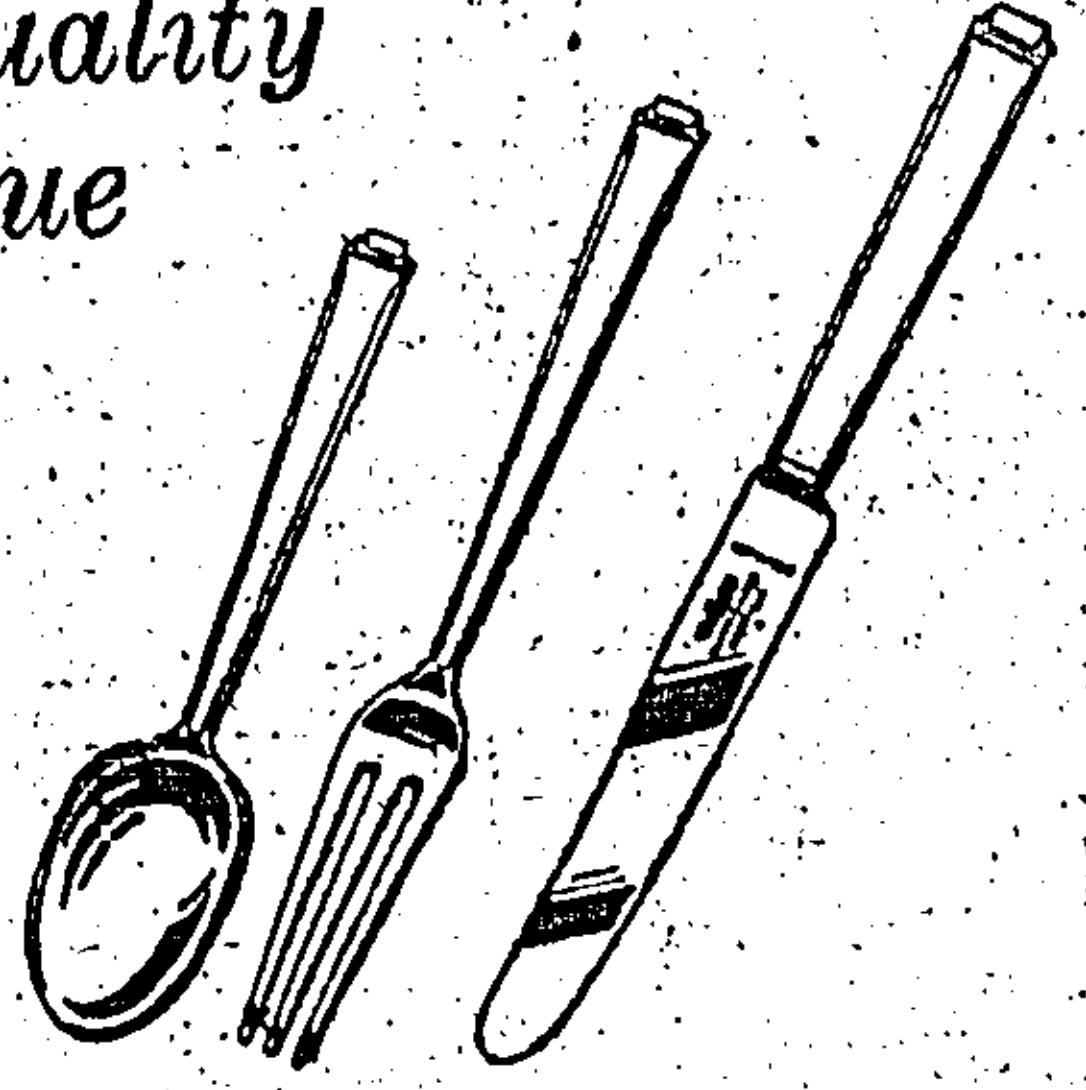
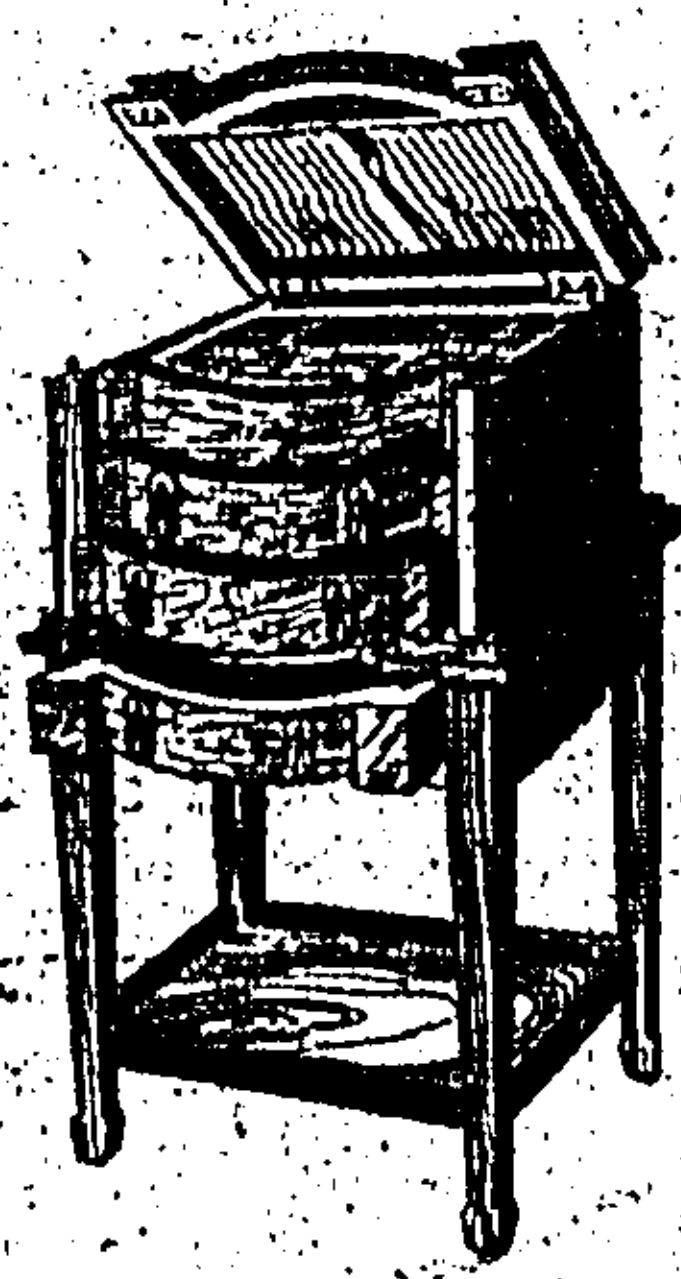
The army is believed to have worked out in co-operation with the navy a complete programme of action. It now insists that the Government should authorise the execution of this plan of action as opportunities arise.—Havas.

NIGHT RAID ON MALTA

Malta had an air raid on Wednesday night lasting 90 minutes. Several bombs were dropped. There were no casualties but some damage was done to civilian property.—Reuter.

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LORD HALIFAX ON NAZI INTRIGUE IN FAR EAST

GERMAN ARRESTS IN BELGIUM

According to a Brussels message to the official German news agency yesterday, the former Belgian military judge, Van der Meersch, the Director of the Security Police, Defoy and five other high officials of the security police have been arrested by the Germans.

They were said to be connected with sending thousands of people out of Belgium after the German invasion.—Reuter.

CONTINENT FACING GREAT FAMINE

THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE, MR. R. S. HUDSON, SAID IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS YESTERDAY THAT UNLESS SOMETHING UNFORESEEN OCCURS BETWEEN NOW AND THE HARVEST, THEY ESTIMATED IT WOULD REALISE AS GREAT A PROPORTIONATE INCREASE IN THE GENERAL FARM PRODUCTION IN THE FIRST 12 MONTHS OF THE WAR AS WE DID DURING THE LAST 18 MONTHS OF THE LAST WAR.

"We must," said Mr. Hudson, "raise enough food to keep the population healthy, even if our imports are imperilled."

"Tens of millions of people on the Continent of Europe are going to face in the next 12 months the danger of starvation. Many millions may perish."

"British agriculture will play a large part in saving the people of this island from a similar fate."—Reuter.

TREASURY OFFICIAL OFF TO AMERICA

It was officially announced in London yesterday that on the invitation of Mr. Henry Morgenthau, Secretary of the U. S. Treasury, Sir Frederick Phillips, an Under-Secretary in the British Treasury, will shortly arrive in Washington.

The meeting will provide an occasion for discussion of technical and other questions between the American and British Treasuries.

Sir Frederick Phillips, visited Mr. Morgenthau in Washington during the autumn of 1937.—Reuter.

FRENCH SAILORS ON WAY HOME

Several hundred French sailors of all ranks from the naval units at Alexandria have embarked for Syria, from whence they will eventually proceed to France.—Reuter.

IN THE COURSE OF A statement in the House of Lords yesterday afternoon on the position in the Near East, the Foreign Secretary, Lord Halifax, said that in view of rumours spread by enemy propaganda he wished to make it quite plain that since Italy entered the war Britain had never pressed the Egyptian Government to declare war on her.

It was, however, obvious that the British forces in Egypt, which at the request of the Egyptian Government had been strongly reinforced, would conduct operations against Italy from Egyptian territory.

We intended to fulfil our obligations to defend Egypt whose independence and vital interests were threatened by the Italian declaration of war against Britain, Egypt's ally.

"I am happy to say that the Egyptian people as a whole fully understand that their interests are indissolubly linked with ours, and regard Italian promises and fair words with well-founded suspicion and view with extreme detestation the possibility of Italian encroachment upon Egyptian or Sudanese soil.

"They remember only too well the Italian action in Libya and Abyssinia and have no doubt about the scope of the total Italian aspirations."

Enemy Insinuations

There was a certain delay in the Italian Minister's departure from Cairo and they and other enemy agents insinuated that if Egypt would ignore her treaty obligations she might avoid the worst consequences of Italian aggression.

Many representative Egyptians held that at this fateful moment for Egypt the interests of the Egyptian people demanded a stronger government to demonstrate the country's determination to carry out the letter and spirit of the treaty to the full.

The British Government felt entitled to intimate to their ally that this was also their view, since the defence of Egypt devolves primarily upon us and we have very definite obligations under the treaty.

"The situation in Palestine remains quiet, and apart from isolated acts of banditry the country is enjoying a respite from internal disorder."

"Release from internment of a large number of Arabs has been received with appreciation."

Pro-British Sentiment

"One effect of Italy's entry into the war has been to strengthen pro-British sentiment in all sections of the community."

"The Jewish community are co-operating fully in matters of defence and the emergency measures which the present situation demands, while the co-operation of the Arabs, who view with abhorrence the prospect of the application to Palestine of Italian methods of colonisation in Libya, is no less wholehearted."

"We remain bound to Turkey by the closest ties."

Lord Halifax recalled that on Italy's entry into the war Turkey would maintain an attitude of non-belligerence.

"His Majesty's Government fully appreciates the circumstances which led to this decision of the Turkish Government who throughout have acted in close contact with His Majesty's Government."

"In the meantime our treaty with Turkey stands, as does the loyal friendship and sympathy between our two peoples on which the treaty was based and which has rendered it in the past, as I hope it will in the future, a fruitful basis of constructive co-operation between us as long as the war continues and in the years of peace to come."

Nazis Seeking Dupes

"Meanwhile the Germans are actively engaged in stirring up unwarranted suspicions and alarms wherever possible in the Balkans and Near East, in the hopes of making these countries the dupes of German policy."

He hoped and believed, how-

ever, that the peoples of that region, some of whom were not without experience of the methods of the States ranged against us, would not be deceived and would remain steadfast in their loyalty to the principles for which we are fighting.

"I am encouraged to think that we are showing ourselves capable of affording assistance and protection to our friends and allies in that part of the world."

"We shall maintain our efforts and prosecute the war with the utmost vigour, being confident of the ultimate success of our arms."

—Reuter.

HUNGARY BINDS HERSELF TO THE AXIS

COUNT TELEKI, THE Hungarian Premier, on his return with Count Csaky to Budapest yesterday from his conference at Munich with Hitler and Count Ciano, said: "We are deeply grateful that in the midst of the life and death struggle of the Reich, and on the eve of a fresh test, the Fuehrer found time to hear us in the presence of Count Ciano and to make cognisance of vital Hungarian problems."

"I and the Foreign Minister are convinced that the Axis powers esteem Hungary as a friend who remains in good or bad fortune attached to them."

Count Teleki added he was extremely grateful for Germany's deeply sympathetic attitude towards the Hungarian representatives.

Count Teleki reported on the conversations to the Regent, Admiral Horthy.

Although there is genuine satisfaction in Budapest at the invitation to the Hungarian statesmen to attend the Axis discussions, there nevertheless is some anxiety which will be relieved when the Hungarian public know Count Teleki has not returned empty-handed.

It appears likely Rumania will eventually be asked to yield to Hungary a comparatively small strip of territory along her western frontier, including the Magyars towns of Arad and Szatmar.—Reuter.

Ciano Returns To Rome

Count Ciano, the Italian Foreign Minister, arrived back in Rome yesterday and Count Teleki, Hungarian Premier, and Count Csaky, his Foreign Minister, have returned to Budapest from Munich.

Their talks with Hitler and Ribbentrop ended on Wednesday night, and although it was stated that they would deal with Hungary's claims in Rumania, no mention of this was made in the official communique, which merely referred to the friendly atmosphere of the talks.

According to the Rome Press, Hungary was advised not to press her claims for the time being. The Hungarian Government

NEW POWERS FOR HOME SECRETARY

An Order-in-Council under the Emergency Powers issued in London yesterday gives the Home Secretary powers to direct the occupiers of premises to carry out measures for hindering a hostile act.

He may prohibit or regulate the use of vehicles on roads in order to prevent the spread of fire from incendiary bombs and order rooms to be cleared of articles.

With a view to preventing an interruption of work by trade disputes, the Labour Minister has been empowered to establish settlement tribunals.—Reuter.

GUN BATTLE IN CASTLE PEAK AREA

A gun battle between a party of Police Officers and a number of armed Chinese, believed to be a gang responsible for molesting and robbing innocent farmers in the Un Long-Castle Peak region, occurred yesterday afternoon on a hillside at Castle Peak.

One of the alleged robbers was seriously wounded in the leg and captured by the Police, the rest managing to escape into the brushwood while police reinforcement were being rushed to the scene.

Several of those who escaped are believed to have been wounded.

The Police also seized two sampans belonging to the robbers.

Starting out early yesterday morning a party of 10 European, Chinese and Indian police officers proceeded to Castle Peak. While ascending a hill some 700 feet high they sighted a group of Chinese a few hundred yards away. Suspecting them to be the gang responsible for molesting and robbing innocent farmers in the locality, the Police spread out in a semi-circle and kept the men under observation.

ROBBERS OPEN FIRE

After a short while, the alleged robbers apparently being aware that they were being watched, a rifle shot suddenly rang out and a bullet whistled over the heads of the police.

The Police then opened fire and a gun battle started between groups, lasting some 20 minutes. In the meantime, a message was sent for police reinforcements, for the strength of the Chinese and the amount of arms and ammunition they possessed could not be ascertained.

While the reinforcements were on their way the Chinese suddenly stopped firing and made a dash for the brushwood scattering in all directions and escaped leaving behind one of their wounded comrades.

It is believed that several others were wounded.

The wounded man has been sent to the Kowloon Hospital.

AMERICAN ORDER FOR AIRCRAFT

THE UNITED STATES NATIONAL ADVISORY DEFENCE COMMISSION ANNOUNCED IN WASHINGTON YESTERDAY THAT ORDERS FOR NEW AIRCRAFT TOTALLING \$100,000,000 HAVE BEEN PLACED IN THE LAST FEW DAYS.

Other contracts being negotiated will raise the total aircraft purchase programme to 25,000 planes, with final delivery date July, 1942.

Twenty-five per cent. of the planes will be for the Navy and the rest for the Army.—Reuter.

REASON FOR ARREST OF BOSE

Sundras Bose, the Indian Leftist leader, was arrested on July 2 because he had declared his intention of "demolishing" the Memorial to the "Black Hole of Calcutta" on July 3, announced Mr. L. S. Amery, Secretary of State for India, in the House of Commons yesterday.—Reuter.

HANSON REFUSES TO JOIN CANADA'S WAR CABINET

The Canadian opposition leader, Mr. Hanson, says Reuter from Ottawa, yesterday rejected the proposal of Premier Mackenzie King that he should become a member of the advisory committee to the War Cabinet.

NEW BRITISH CONTRACT FOR LOCKHEEDS

A contract for bombing planes of a new type, both larger and faster than Hudsons, has been awarded to the Lockheed-Vega Company, of Burbank, Cal., by the British Purchasing Mission, says Reuter. Value of the contract is \$30,000,000, according to the Dow Jones Agency.—Reuter.

FRENCH GENERAL DESERTED HIS POST, GETS SIX MONTHS

General Henri Bodet, of the Medical Corps, was sentenced by Paris Military Tribunal to six months' imprisonment for abandoning his post in the Sedan sector on the night of May 15 when the Germans broke through the Meuse front.

JAPANESE NEUTRALITY

Statement By Ministry Of Economic Warfare

Preventing Supplies From Aiding Hitler

SO LONG AS JAPAN remains neutral, Britain has no intention of interfering with her legitimate trade, declared a statement issued by the Ministry of Economic Warfare in London yesterday on the subject of the Pan-American Conference at Havana on July 20 on America's surplus production problem.

The statement says: "Britain's interest in the conference is in preventing supplies finding their way to Germany and Italy or German-occupied countries.

"Reports have sometimes bracketed Japan with Germany and Italy in connexion with the blockade. Such reports are erroneous since Japan is a neutral country.

BRITAIN READY FOR ANYTHING

The London correspondent of the "Chicago Daily News" declared in a despatch to his newspaper yesterday:

"Since the Battle of Dunkirk, and particularly during the last two weeks, the most minute preparations have been made in all parts of the country against attempted landings and possible advances through the countryside after any such landings have succeeded.

"Both parachute troops and troop carrying planes are provided for, not only in coastal areas but in the most remote sections of the country.

"What seem to be strong defences against advancing infantry and armoured cars can be seen wherever you go, and the country swarms with troops, every man with a rifle.

"In addition, there are tens of thousands of newly armed Local Defence Volunteers ready to shoot on sight.

Completely Ready

"No part of France, Belgium and Holland was ever so completely ready for attack as the coastal regions of England and Scotland, and the back areas of those countries never had any such preparations as those which dominate the life of the backwoods Englishman.

"Most of the coastal areas are now virtually under martial law, the movement of individuals is restricted and movement after dark is virtually impossible."—Reuter.

AMERICANS LEAVE MADRID

The wives and families of most members of the U.S. Embassy in Madrid and the staff of the Company Telefonica de Espana, in which American capital is largely interested, have left Spain or are leaving to-day, says Reuter from Madrid.

YUGOSLAVIAN LINK WITH MOSCOW

President Kalinin yesterday received the newly appointed Yugoslav Minister to Moscow, M. Milan Gavrilovich, thus marking the beginning of direct diplomatic relations between Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union which have had no such contact since the Soviet regime was instituted.—Reuter.

RUMANIAN CABINET RUMOURS

Reports that several young members of the new Cabinet had resigned were denied by the semi-official Rumanian agency yesterday.

The agency stated the only member of the Government to resign was Professor Horea Sima, Iron Guard leader, who was appointed Air Minister.

The agency added the Government is carrying on its work normally and in complete harmony. — Reuter.

ITALIAN THREAT TO MALTA

"While the Havana conference is not concerned with blockade questions, shipments from the Americas, if destined for enemy or enemy occupied countries, will be intercepted by our contraband control.

"In the face of the ruthless German blockade of the United Kingdom, it will not be for us to relax any of our blockade measures but rather to persevere with them to the utmost, believing any relaxation would serve to lengthen the war."

The Ministry added Britain is anxious to see whether she could co-operate in the study of possible solutions of America's surplus production problems which have been accentuated by the war. — Reuter.

"Italian air action against Malta will be continued without respite until the island becomes Italian again," declared Scheggi, co-operate in the study of possible solutions of America's surplus production problems which have been accentuated by the war. — Reuter.

GERMAN WHITE PAPER: BRITAIN AND SOVIET

MR. R. A. BUTLER, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, was asked in the House of Commons yesterday whether he could give a categorical denial to allegations in the German White Book that Britain had planned a direct attack on the Baku oilfields.

He was also asked whether he could assure the House that the Government's policy to improve and strengthen relations between Britain and the Soviet Union.

Mr. Butler replied: "Yes. The policy of His Majesty's Government has been and remains to improve and strengthen relations between this country and the U.S.S.R.

"Success in this policy has appeared more likely since March this year when the U.S.S.R. made a friendly approach to His Majesty's Government and proposed the resumption of trade negotiations.

"This move on their part constituted a welcome departure from the unfriendly attitude the Soviet Government had adopted since the breakdown of the political negotiations last August.

"His Majesty's Government at once responded to this approach, and it is to be hoped the discussions on which the British Ambassador in Moscow is at present engaged may finally remove any danger which may have been apprehended that the Soviet Government would work either economically or militarily against Great Britain in the interests of Germany.

Military Plans

"Ever since the outbreak of the war His Majesty's Government have had to guard against this danger when making their mili-

tary plans. "It was natural therefore that the staffs, who in a totalitarian war have to consider all future hypotheses, should consider how to counter Russian assistance to Germany.

"Apart from actual military assistance, one of the most valuable forms of help which the Soviet Government were in a position to give Germany was to supply her with oil from the Caucasus.

"It was thus the duty of the General Staffs to examine whether, in certain eventualities, it would be possible to interfere with the output of oil from the Caucasian wells.

Mischiefous Impressions

"I might add no attempt was made at any time to enlist the co-operation or acquiescence of Turkey or Iran in these hypothetical plans.

"I trust this statement will dispel any false, mischiefous impressions which German propaganda has sought to create."—Reuter.

EVENTS MOVING IN TURKEY AT QUICKENING PACE

EVENTS IN TURKEY BEGAN TO MOVE AT A QUICKENING PACE YESTERDAY, SAYS A REUTER TELEGRAM FROM ANKARA.

First came the news that the military authorities in the Istanbul area were calling up 17 classes of cavalry from the age of 22 to 38 by Monday, while all Turkish soldiers who through ill health had been given leave are being recalled to-day.

Then came an announcement that members of the People's (Government) Party were summoned at 10 a.m.

A communique issued in the afternoon stated Dr. Saydam made a long and detailed declaration on the situation and on the political events of the past few days.

The parliamentary group approved unanimously and amid applause the Premier's review.

The meeting apparently centred on Turco-Russian relations, though official circles still discount all talk of a Russian "ultimatum" to Turkey.

Relations between the two countries now appear to be crystallising, especially as regards the long-standing Russian desire for a free passage for her warships through the Dardanelles.

warships through the Straits. Turkey's own attitude is likely to be made known in an official declaration which may be issued to-day.

Exasperation appears to be growing in Turkey at German interference in her affairs.

As seen here, the Axis Powers appear to be concentrating on distracting Russia's attention from the Balkans and are seeking to interest her in Turkey and the Near East instead.

The Turkish press comments with increasing bitterness on the German attempts to sow discord between Turks and Russians. — Reuter.

Russian Move

It would not be surprising, in view of the recent press campaign, if the Russians at once sought revision of the Treaty of Montreux which gave Turkey power to forbid the passage of

Moscow Denial

Moscow radio last night denied reports that Russia had presented an ultimatum to Turkey. "The reports are an invention which do not in the least correspond with the facts," said the announcer.—Reuter.

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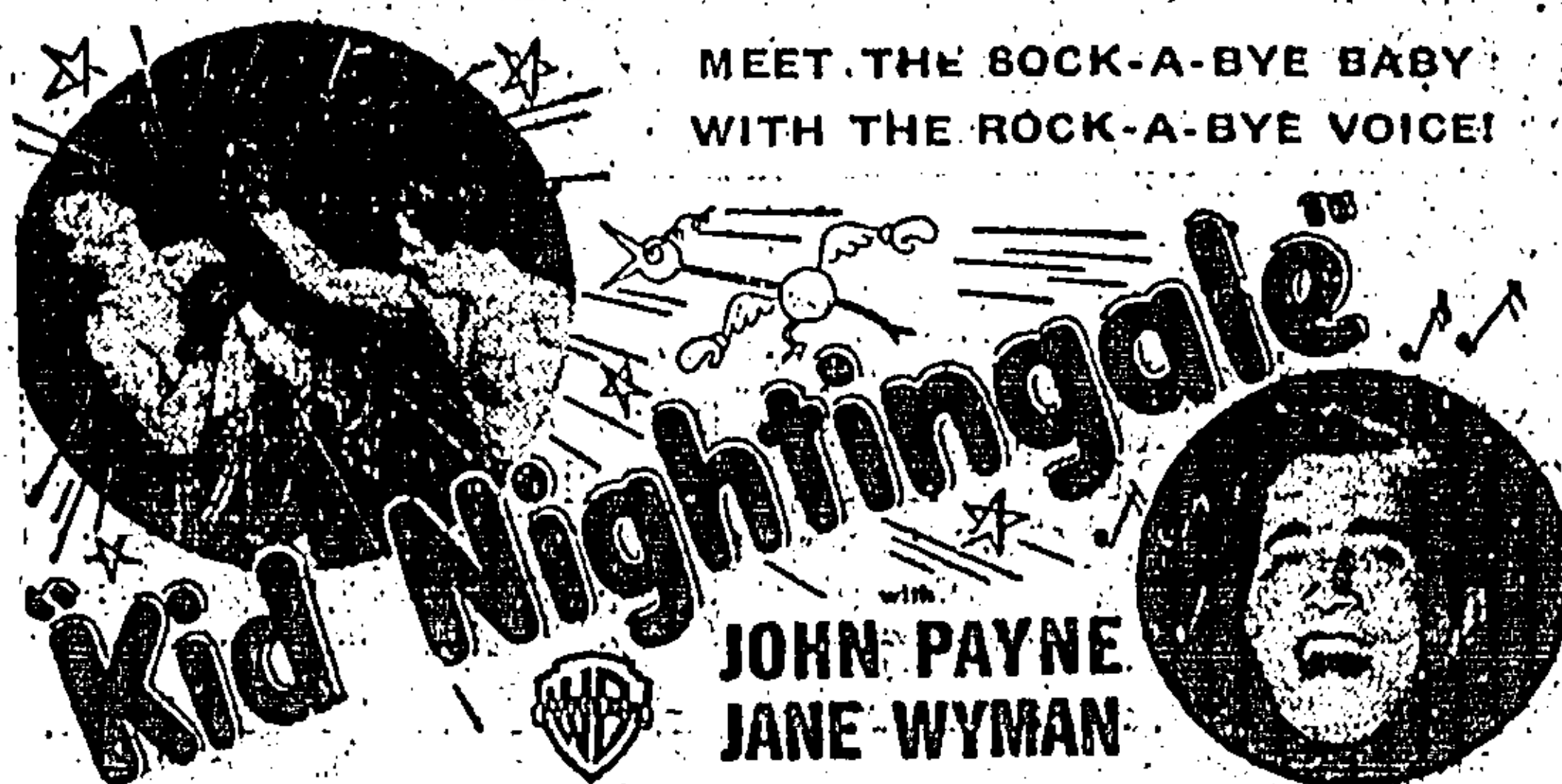


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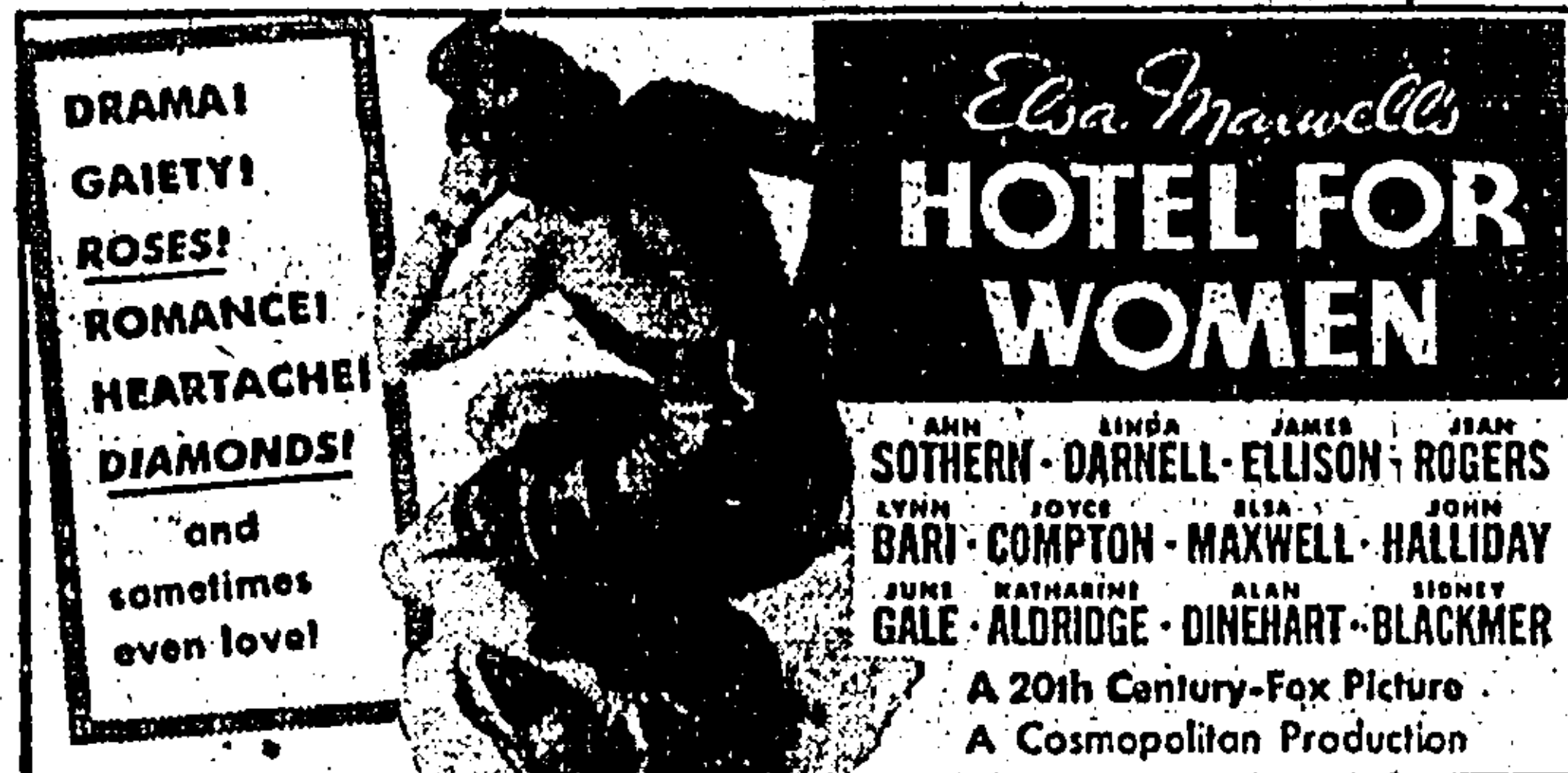
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SUNDAY William Powell, Myrna Loy in "ANOTHER THIN MAN" MGM Picture

WHO WON THE MEDITERRANEAN BOAT RACE?

COMMENTING ON THE Italian versions of the short clash in the Mediterranean, "The Times" points out that both the British and the Italian communiques agree that it ended in a chase.

Since it is well known that the Italian battle-ships have an advantage of several knots in speed, the world will be able to judge who was pursued and who was the unsuccessful pursuer!

The "Yorkshire Post" commenting on the Rome version of the combat, says:—"Mussolini's Press Chief is aping Dr. Goebbels by sinking the British Navy with salvos of long-range communiques. It is a pity to contrast them with the cold facts!"—Reuter.

Yet Another Italian Destroyer Sunk

The sinking of yet another Italian destroyer was announced in an Admiralty communique issued late yesterday evening in London. It stated that planes of the Fleet Air Arm had bombed an Italian harbour north of Augusta, in the island of Sicily. One Italian destroyer and a hulk of the type generally used as a storage ship were sunk.

All our planes returned safely.—Reuter.

Rome Radio Report

Rome radio stated yesterday that Mussolini had issued the following order to the men of the Italian navy:

"The naval forces of Fascist Italy came into conflict with British forces in the Mediterranean on July 9. The valour with which you fought against superior forces showed the enemy he cannot come near our shores with impunity. The Italian people are proud of the result of this battle to which I add my praise."—Reuter.

Admiralty Statement

An official message from the Admiralty received in Hong Kong states that: "As was to be expected, the Italian communique issued yesterday, the 10th, was false. During July 8 and 9 only one of our ships was hit by a bomb, as already reported, in spite of numerous attacks."

"The Italian forces on the 9th refused action and made for home at high speed."

"Also it is reported that Italian aircraft bombed their own ships, unfortunately without results."

"During the brief naval action none of our ships was hit."

"The Italian communique issued to-day (July 11) was similarly untrue. No damage or casualties were sustained by any British ships when attacked in the Western Mediterranean by Italian aircraft. All that happened was that a few bombs fell close."

NO NAZI PROFIT FROM LOOT

(Special to "China Mail")

The South African Government has enforced measures aiming at counteracting German attempts to obtain foreign currency by selling shares in South African gold mines, says a Pretoria message. The measures restrict transactions in shares held outside the Union and are directed against German interests which might attempt to sell stocks formerly held by French people but which may fall into German hands.—Havas.

MR. BULLITT ON WAY TO MADRID

Mr. William Bullitt, U.S. Ambassador to France, arrived at Barcelona from the frontier yesterday accompanied by various members of the staff of the U.S. Embassy in France. Mr. Bullitt is expected in Madrid to-day.—Reuter.

KING FAROUK'S SISTER ENCEINTE

(Special to "China Mail")

It was announced in Cairo yesterday that Princess Fawzia, King Farouk's sister and Crown Princess of Iran, is expecting the birth of a child in September.—Havas.

6,000 FRENCH OFFICERS JOIN BRITAIN SAYS ANKARA

Unconfirmed reports from Ankara state that about 6,000 French officers, including General Mittelhauser's staff, have crossed over into Palestine and joined the British.

Other French nationals who prefer not to be under the totalitarian yoke include 150 boys of between the ages of 14 and 16, who escaped from France after the collapse and are now leaving London for a camp in north-west England.

They are all under military age, but were scouts or cadets in France. They have all been given scout uniforms and will stay in the camp until their future is settled.—Reuter.

BIG JEWEL ROBBERY IN ROBINSON RD.

European and Chinese police officers were sent to No. 47C, Robinson Road yesterday afternoon to investigate a theft of jewellery and money to the value of \$3,170. The jewellery included gold diamond rings, necklaces, bangles and wrist-watches.

CATHEDRAL WEDDING

At St. John's Cathedral yesterday afternoon, Miss Barbara Carruthers Stratton of No. 5, Carnarvon Building, became the bride of Mr. Benjamin Stalkart Carter of No. 144, Argyle Street.

The Dean, the Rt. Rev. J. R. Wilson officiated.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Carruthers Stratton, of England, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. Charles Carter, well-known architect.

DEATH OF AN M.P.

The death occurred yesterday (says Reuter from London) of Mr. A. C. Moreing, Conservative M.P. for Preston.

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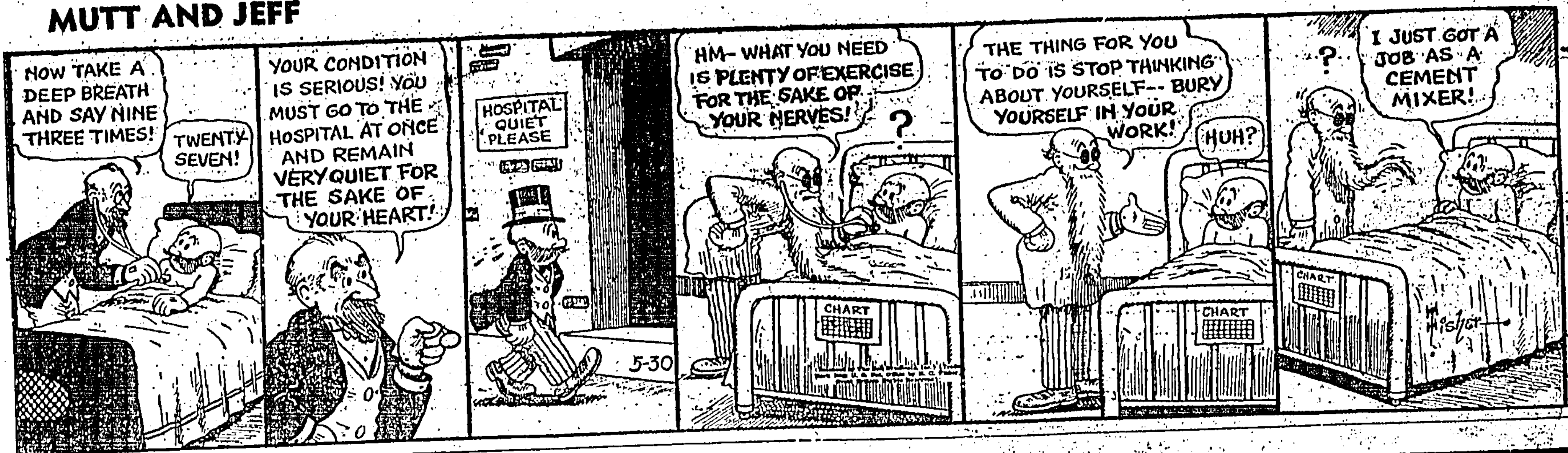
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Monday "BLOCKADE" Drama torn from to-day's news

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MATINEES 20c-30c. EVENINGS: 20c-30c-50c-70c.



THE SKY THE LIMIT IN BRITISH AIRCRAFT PURCHASE

BRITISH POLICY REGARDING aircraft imports from America was to buy everything we could get, Lord Beaverbrook, Minister of Aircraft Production, told the House of Lords last evening.

Lord Beaverbrook said: "In aircraft, the sky is the limit. It is in pursuit of that programme that we spend \$10,000,000 for every day that the Aircraft Ministry has been in existence, including French purchases.

"Altogether, with French purchases, we have spent over \$600,000,000 out of a total programme of a thousand millions. The money was wisely spent.

"There has never been an hour's delay on account of the Treasury.

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"The Americans are up to date with the programme and so far have delivered everything they promised and are a little ahead of time.

"We have no shortage of aircraft but we must continue developing the programme as fully as possible."—Reuter.

PEIPING MOVE

The Chinese servants of all foreigners in Peiping yesterday received an order from the police to proceed to the nearest police station taking with them four photographs. The measure applies to the servants of all foreigners and not only the British.—Reuter.

NORWEGIANS CALL GERMANS "SALVATION ARMY"

German troops in the occupied area of Norway have been nicknamed the "Salvation Army."

The troops are ignored by the civil population, and Norwegian girls who are seen with them are publicly insulted by their compatriots, and usually have their hair forcibly cropped by the Norwegian local authorities.

The people do not read the Press nor listen to the German controlled radio.

Nearly 10,000 Norwegian men are said to have disappeared from the territory.—Exchange.

QUEEN'S THEATRE

HONGKONG DAILY AT 2:30-5:15-7:20-9:30 P.M. TEL 31453

* FINAL SHOWINGS TO-DAY *

CRACKLING WITH EXCITEMENT!
BRISTLING WITH THRILLS!
The thundering saga of the big city's front-line trouble-shooters!

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A Paramount Picture with
WILLIAM HENRY
LOUISE CAMPBELL
RICHARD DENNING
ROBERT PAIGE
Directed by Edward Dmytryk

• TO-MORROW •

"THE GREAT VICTOR HERBERT"

WALTER CONNOLLY * ALLAN JONES

ALHAMBRA THEATRE

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IN HOLLYWOOD

JACK FALLS FOR A
GLAMOUR GIRL...
until Dad takes a hand!

JED PROUTY • SPRING BYINGTON
KEN HOWELL • GEORGE ERNEST
JUNE CARLSON • FLORENCE ROBERTS
BILLY MAHAN • WILLIAM TRACY
JUNE GALE • MARVIN STEPHENS
Directed by Malcolm St. Clair
Associate Producer John Stone • Screen Play by Harold Kordell
From the original story by Joseph Hoffmann and Walter Kaufman
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TO-MORROW

A Paramount
Picture

"The Great Victor Herbert"

Walter Connolly * Allan Jones

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Laurel and Hardy
BLOODY MURDER

GILBERT • FINLAYSON

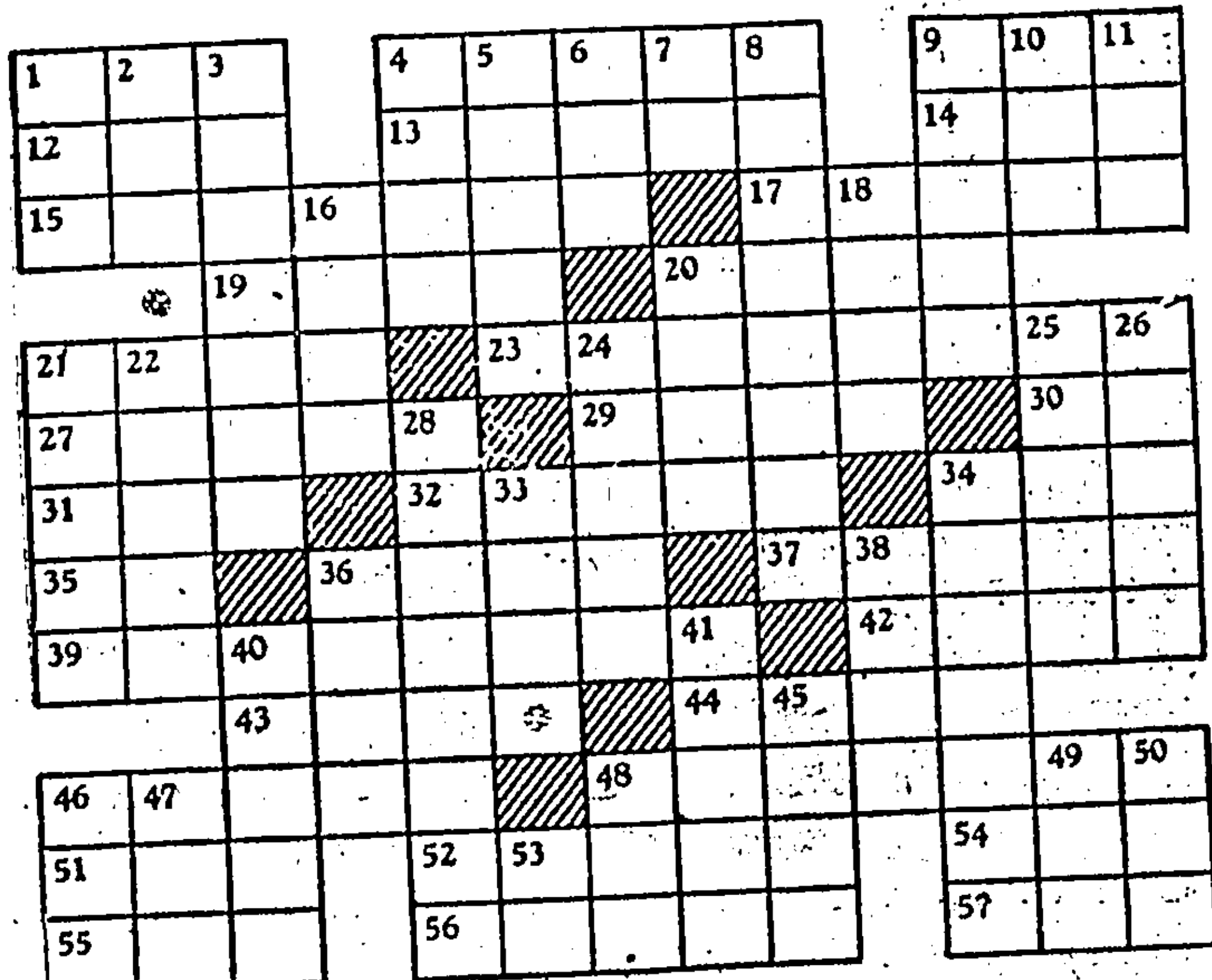
TO-MORROW

RKO Picture

GINGER ROGERS

"FIFTH AVENUE GIRL"

OUR 10-MINUTE CROSS-WORD



HORIZONTAL

- 1 Knave of clubs
- 4 Grin
- 9 To drag
- 12 Cretan mountain
- 13 Not wide-spread
- 14 Ibsen character
- 15 To comfort
- 17 Tag
- 19 Facts
- 20 Storage bin
- 21 Ancient Ugrian tribe member
- 23 Bulwarks
- 27 Networks
- 29 Trick
- 30 Interjection
- 31 Anger
- 32 Flat-bottomed boat
- 34 South American tuber
- 35 Printer's measure
- 36 Solo
- 37 Palatable
- 39 Small fish
- 42 Colloquial: appointment
- 43 Limbs
- 44 To fasten

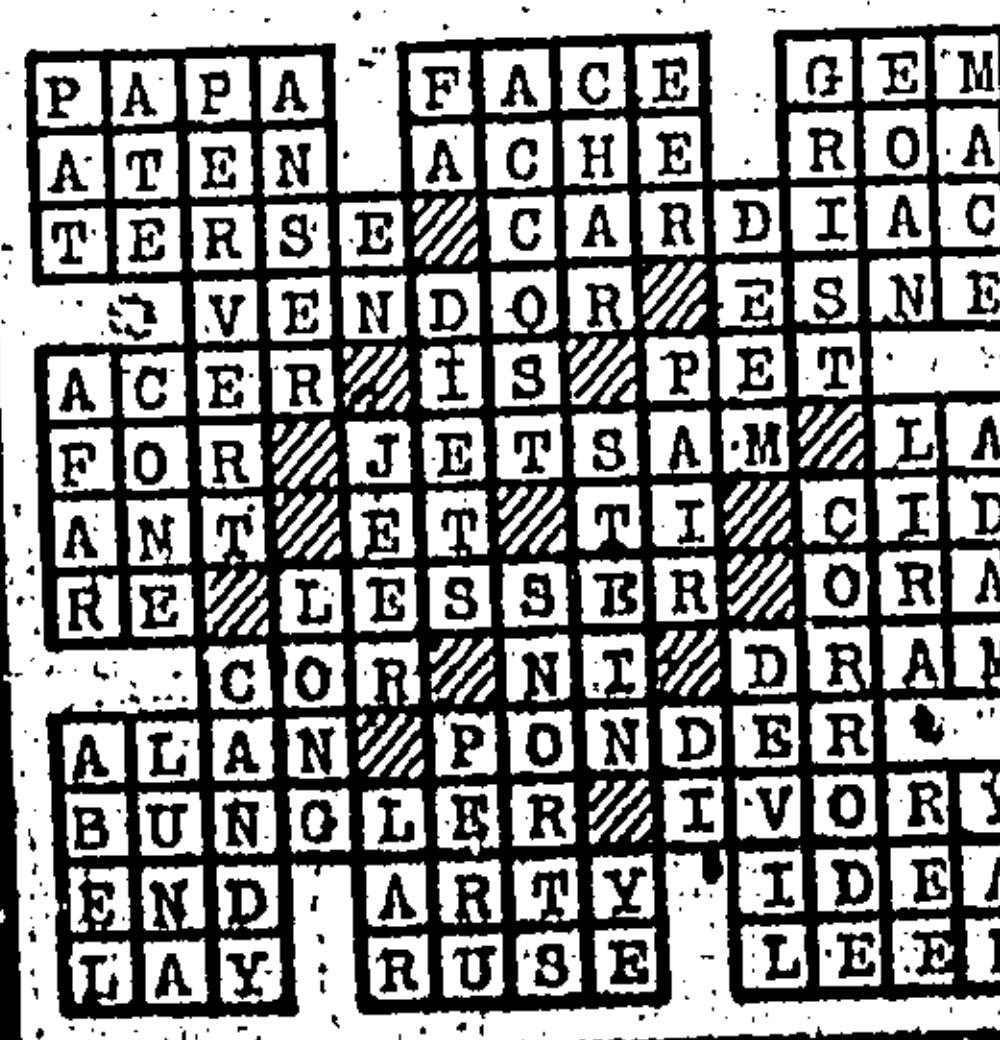
- 46 Scent
- 48 Perceptible by touch
- 51 Exclamation of disgust
- 52 To instruct
- 54 Nothing
- 55 Philippine aborigine
- 56 To excite
- 57 Elongated fish

VERTICAL

- 1 Moccasin
- 2 Bustle
- 3 Injunction
- 4 Narrow opening
- 5 Pertaining to teeth
- 6 Frozen water

- 7 Note of scale
- 8 Geometrical curves
- 9 Toll
- 10 To employ
- 11 To coagulate
- 16 Hindu garment
- 18 Wings
- 20 Self-satisfied
- 21 Sign of Zodiac
- 22 French novelist
- 24 Tapestry
- 25 Silent
- 26 To darken
- 28 To repeal
- 33 Melodies
- 34 Milky glass
- 36 Interjection to attract attention
- 38 Mine entrance
- 40 Hawaiian greeting
- 41 To decree
- 43 Pain
- 48 Arabian garment
- 47 Hair roll
- 49 Chinese pagoda
- 49 Falsehood
- 50 Cloth measure
- 53 Hebrew name for God

YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION



Britain Re-Affirms Her Mastery Of Sea

THE BOLD BRITISH ACTION against the French fleet continues to evoke the hearty approval of the people and press of Cairo.

The "Balagh" says: The British Government has taken measures unprecedented in boldness and firmness, and there is no doubt Britain had every justification in not believing the enemy's promises to an ally who was no longer in a position to insist on their fulfilment.

Britain can now review calmly the Mediterranean situation in the knowledge she is capable of cleaning it up and assuring navigation. Otherwise the British forces would one day have found themselves in an embarrassing situation, like Napoleon in Egypt. This is now removed because the Italian fleet cannot compete with Britain.

Mistress Of The Seas

The "Modattam" says: The refusal of the French authorities to accept the British proposals and the obvious conclusions from this led the British Government to this grave action. The British Navy prevented French vessels from falling into the enemy's hands and now can occupy herself with the Italian fleet.

This second naval battle well illustrated British naval supremacy and was a demonstration that Britain is still mistress of the seas.—Reuter.

GERMANY AND EIRE

Bremen radio's English broadcast referred last night to Eire's preparations to defend her neutrality and the position of Britain.

The announcer said Germany was carefully observing these developments because she was only interested in the maintenance of absolute and unreserved neutrality by Eire.—Reuter.

5,000,000 HENS KILLED

Because of the lack of feeding stuffs 5,000,000 hens have been slaughtered, say reports from Denmark.

Ninety-seven per cent. of these have been sent to Germany.

PETAIN OVERRIDES PRESIDENT

According to the Beromünster (Swiss) radio in a broadcast picked up in London last night, Marshal Petain has signed a decree under which he takes over the functions hitherto vested in the President of the Republic and the Prime Minister.

Marshal Petain thus deposes President Albert Lebrun, who has been President since 1933, as head of the French State.

Another decree regulates the powers of the head of the State. He will exercise the full power of government in co-operation with Ministers and under-secretaries of state who will be responsible to him.—Reuter.

The French Government intends to transfer its seat to occupied France, Marshal Petain stated in a broadcast last night, according to the official German news agency.

Marshal Petain is stated to have asked the German military authorities whether Versailles could be placed at the Government's disposal.—Reuter.

GERMAN AMBASSADOR WARNED BY AMERICA

Germany is apparently indulging in a species of intimidation of Latin-American countries whose sovereignty is entitled to respect, said Mr. Cordell Hull, U.S. Secretary of State, at his daily press conference in Washington yesterday.

He was referring to the reported activities of Dr. Otto Reinebeck, German Minister to the five Republics of Central America.

Reinebeck is reported in newspaper despatches to have issued a "warning" in connexion with the forthcoming Pan-American Conference, telling the Governments of Central American countries not to engage in any action aimed directly or indirectly against Germany.

Commenting on this, Mr. Hull said there was no theory on which any country should attack the sovereignty of freedom of action.—Reuter.

LONG WAR BETTER THAN A SHORT ONE

— Mr. Lloyd George

Speaking in the House of Commons yesterday, Mr. Lloyd George said we may need all the food every acre can produce.

"I do not think the real campaign against our shipping has begun. The nearest approach to it was yesterday, and it is very gratifying that the enemy did not pull it off."

"The attack is going to be formidable not merely on ships at sea but upon our ports and communications."

"We ought to be in a position that whatever happens they cannot starve us."

"I have always taken the view that a long war is better for us than a short war. A short one is the chance of the enemy. A long one is the chance of the tenacious races that live in these islands (cheers), who get tougher the greater the difficulties with which they are confronted."—Reuter.

DAWN RAID BY R.A.F. ON BOULOGNE

THE AIR MINISTRY news service stated last night that five enemy aircraft are believed to have been destroyed and others severely damaged in a dawn raid on Boulogne aerodrome by R.A.F. medium bombers.

The raiders took the ground defence by surprise and dropped bombs and got clear away before the A.A. batteries could fire.

The first attackers scored a number of hits with high explosive bombs along one side of the aerodrome. Ten minutes later 20 enemy aircraft standing at the back of some hangars were attacked.

In the course of yesterday Coastal Command aircraft on patrol in the Channel accounted for an enemy float plane.

R.A.F. bombers attacked military objectives in the Low Countries yesterday. Aerodromes, barges and other targets were bombed. One of our aircraft is missing.

R.A.F. bombers delivered a daylight attack on the aerodromes at St. Omer and Amiens. Five of our aircraft failed to return.

In addition, an aircraft of the Coastal Command was lost on patrol.—Reuter.

N.Z. FLIERS ARRIVE

A further large draft of New Zealand airmen arrived in England yesterday for service with the R.A.F. It was stated in London. The airmen have had some months training in New Zealand but will receive further instruction here before being appointed to units. Majority are pilots but there are also numbers of air gunners and observers.—Reuter.

FRENCH COLLAPSE CHANGES NOTHING IN BRITISH WILL

"THE WITHDRAWAL of France from the war has in no way weakened Britain's determination to carry on the war to a successful end; indeed Britain's will to win has become stronger," declared Mr. Arthur Greenwood, Minister without Portfolio, commenting on the war situation to Reuter's lobby correspondent in London last evening.

Mr. Greenwood, who is also Chairman of the Production Council and has been designated by the War Cabinet to co-ordinate war production, added: "We shall never cease the struggle until the freedom of the fallen nations has been restored and our own freedom consolidated."

"Our Navy has shown its powers of initiative and has proved its intrepid spirit. Our Air Force has daunted the German air arm."

"Britain, on her own soil, is defended by a larger army than ever before."

"Men from our Dominions are standing side by side with our home troops."

"The productive capacity of the country increases. Larger supplies are coming to us from overseas."

"The spirit of the people is firm, steady and confident, whatever trials and sufferings may befall us."

"Britain fights on and fights to win."—Reuter.



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Tale

Eyes

To put off middle-age in the future or to recapture the youth you have lost, be careful NOW!!

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Optrex is a scientific lotion for the eyes, recommended by Doctors & Opticians everywhere. It is perfectly safe—even for the most sensitive eyes.

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EYE LOTION

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CHINA MAIL
WINDSOR HOUSE

BEHIND THE GUNS

The attitude with which all the working classes in Great Britain are throwing themselves into the war presents a striking contrast with that of many of them between 1914 and 1918. Then, among large sections of the workers, there were doubts and misgivings, and fears of exploitation. To-day there is overwhelming evidence of the conviction that this fight is their fight, and that everything for which organised labour has stood throughout its history is at stake.

More than that, they understand that the struggle is not only for their own rights and liberties, but also for that kind of internationalism which has peculiarly appealed to the British labour movement. Mr. Ernest Bevin, the powerful trade union leader, who is now Minister of Labour, told the country in his broadcast on Wednesday night of the magnificence of the response to his call to "produce like hell" to maintain the optimum of production.

He expressed the spirit of the country as well as the Labour Party when he declared: "When I entered the Government I made up my mind not to settle with the Nazi regime. They will have to smash us to smithereens and then we will not settle."

This is the spirit which has made it possible for the Government to announce that the damage of Dunkirk and the effort to aid the French has been repaired. This is the spirit which dooms his effort to destruction before it is begun.

In Britain it is no small thing that a trusted trade union leader should ask his followers to discard the narrower conception of trade unionism. In the last war there were endless disputes about the distribution of labour and the restrictive rules established by collective bargaining; there were strikes and threats of strikes which gravely hampered output. There are no signs of such reluctance to press on with the industrial speed-up to-day. All are conscious that there are heavy arrears to be made up, that there is not a moment to lose, and that this is a war in which speed on the fighting front depends on speed in the factories.

Hong Kong And The Burma Road

Hong Kong is a considerable distance from Burma, and yet its immediate future apparently depends on events connected with that country. If the Burma route is not closed Hong Kong will be threatened. It all sounds like the Nazi practice of bringing a recalcitrant German in a foreign country to heel, by threatening his relatives in Germany with the Concentration Camp. It is an amazing world in which we are living.

After three years the Japanese army has not reduced China to submission and judging from the manifestoes issued from Chungking on July 7th the anniversary of the Lukouchiao affair it looks as though the position would not be materially different in three years more. Japan has control of the whole of the China coast through which trade flowed easily and rapidly into China by way of her numerous rivers. That has all been blocked and still China refuses to recognise that her position is hopeless. On the contrary she fights on and shows every now and then that she can strike and strike hard. The Japanese army cannot easily explain this inability on the part of China to acknowledge defeat. The more the pres-

sure is exerted in China from without, the greater the cohesion within, and so China continues to resist.

There is also the further point that the more China is deprived of supplies from outside the more she develops her own resources. She has taken into the interior her

By "CIVIS"

universities with her scientific people and has established one new industry after another. Like Germany she has gone in for autarky.

Seeing that the Burma road is long and difficult, and that it is only possible to use it from October to May, the quantity of material that gets through can hardly be a decisive factor in the war. The Japanese army naturally looks for an explanation outside the real causes of failure to conquer China. The enormous extent of China, its vast population, the resourcefulness of the people, the spirit that

animates them, the skill and leadership of the Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek—these are the main obstacles to the conquest of China. But so long as there is an excuse for failure that lies beyond immediate control, it will be sought.

Supposing the route was closed, does any one believe that the Chinese armies would collapse? Everyone knows they would continue to fight. Then another reason would be found for this continued resistance. It would be seen in Russia which continues to send lorry loads of supplies to Chungking. That would be awkward from one point of view for there is no means of coercing Russia into agreeing to the closure of that route, and yet it would be satisfactory from another point of view, for the continued resistance of the Chinese armies could still be explained away.

Japan gives the impression that she wishes to avoid friction with

Russia, her traditional enemy, and is moving away from her as far as possible. Russia has been greatly strengthened by her pact with Germany, through which Japan has been, if not weakened, at least menaced, to a far greater extent than before. Russia has scored all along the line and Japan had hoped that her military pact with Germany would prevent that very thing.

Russia then cannot be dictated to by Japan, and it is true to say that no attempt is being made in that direction. There has, on the contrary, been a movement to avoid the Russian threat.

What Japan sees if only the "China incident"—surely a frivolous name for so serious a strain upon Japan's resources—could be disposed of, is Indo-China, the Netherlands East Indies, the hegemony in the Pacific and in addition the vast profit to be made out of the trade of the world that is now going abegging.

What a vision of splendour and of grandeur? If only the China incident could be disposed of! If,

The British Government is not ready officially at present to close the Burma Road, knowing quite well that its importance is practically nil for the next three months seeing that the road closes itself, because of weather conditions. The request therefore is superfluous.

If some form of retaliation is attempted it is obvious that so far from the China incident coming to an end, it will become increasingly difficult for Japan. It is extremely easy to pick a quarrel, it is much more difficult to compose it. Britain knows her strength and is not likely to overreach herself.

The short term and opportunist policy does not pay. Britain's naval strength grows from day to day. The United States too, the greatest industrial nation in the world, is building naval ships at a pace which will make the 5.3 ratio with Japan absurd, and Japan cannot possibly compete.

It is quite clear that while Germany and Italy are urging Japan to disturb the Pacific area as much as possible, they have no intention of leaving Japan in control, if they emerge successful. Their diplomacy has only one aim as the alliance with Russia proves and that is self-aggrandisement. If Japan is willing to minister to that she will be acceptable, but not on any other terms.

A MESSAGE FOR TO-DAY

This much is certain: that he that commands the sea is at great liberty, and may take as much and as little of the war as he will. Whereas, those that be strongest by land are most times nevertheless in great straits. BACON

Too Many Experts

My doctor looked at me. "Better see a specialist," he said, and started to reel off a likely list of his friends!

In the old days I had a family doctor, who prided himself that he never recommended a proprietary article, who wrote prescriptions particularly for me, with an intimate knowledge of my mental outlook and physical capacity, and whom I could turn to as a friend.

The family doctor died out and is now someone you cannot find save in remote country districts. To-day my doctor is a liaison officer between myself and Harley-street! I don't like it.

I hold a very strong opinion about this age when the specialist in every form of life takes the top of the tree and there isn't room for the others, who might have put up a tolerably good show if only they had been given the chance.

"Oh, but it is such a progressive age; we get so much more out of life, so much fun," say the public. I would beg to differ—quite politely of course, but very firmly. I believe that life was much happier at the end of last century, when nobody was a specialist and when everybody did their little bit and enjoyed doing it very much.

Music was at a particularly low ebb for instance. Deplorably so, says the modern critic. At the end of last century everybody sang a bit, and played a bit, and gave musical evenings—quite admittedly ghastly musical evenings, but they enjoyed themselves very much indeed.

To-day people have given up playing a bit and singing a bit, because the specialists do it so well that there isn't much sense in competing. You'd only get yourself laughed at.

To-day we have the wireless to fill the role of musical evenings only too admirably; we have excellent concerts and possibly one or two professionals living in the immediate neighbourhood. Little "gifts" for music fade and are utterly stamped out. Nobody dares to play the piano unless he or she plays a good deal more than moderately well.

It is the same with games. Once upon a time games were just games. You pottered out after tea and had a game of pat-ball on the lawn. If friends came in, you said, "What about a knock up?" Everybody said, "Yes, rather."

I admit it wasn't tennis; it had none of the hearty go-at-it business of the day. We used to play in the clothes we had on, and not bother about flannels even; it didn't matter as long as you had a pair of plimsolls to pop on. But it was fun!

Is it so much fun to-day when everybody takes it so frightfully seriously and specialises?

To-day it would be quite impossible for me to wield a racket. I could never go on to any lawn and have my little spot of pat-ball. I'd be shooed off it.

Incidentally I shouldn't be shooed off, because I have the

good sense to know my place and keep away.

There is no such thing as a game to-day; it is a serious study, for which you train arduously. It seems to me that when you have to learn to play games, the world has come to a poor pass.

The trouble is that you have got to specialise!

Once I used to potter about on a bicycle. I knew I had to keep to the left, but that was about all. To-day I am struggling to drive

By Ursula Bloom

a car and this is specialisation with a vengeance!

Everything has become so much more complicated, there are so many rules to follow, so many details to observe. I find myself longing for the bicycle, which, though it may have been very hard work, certainly did not demand this high-powered brain fag which a car asks of me.

To-day people are superior. They do things remarkably well, but not at all. There are no rabbits left (save myself). It is a world peopled by specialists.

Mine must be a plaint which a great many people feel but do not put into words: There should be some niche for those who cannot classify themselves as specialists, but who would like to join in a little of the amusement which is going. We can't all be clever at

everything. Is there no place for the not-so-clevers?

It is all very well to say that standards have risen remarkably and that it is all to the public good. I challenge that statement very hotly; in my personal experience I have not found the upward trend of the standard so kind, or so pleasant.

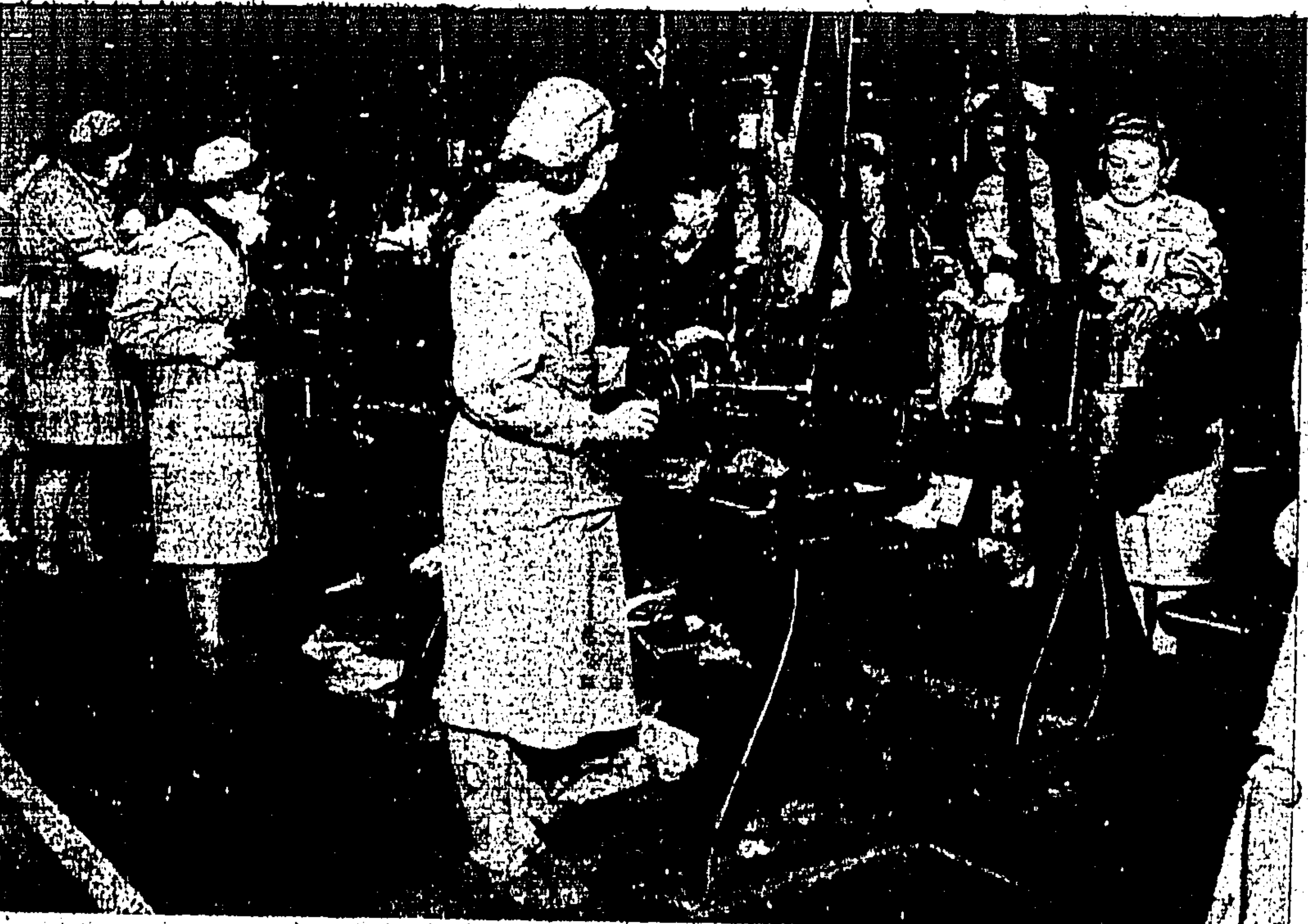
I would prefer to have lived in comfort towards the end of last century, when my family doctor, in whom I had implicit faith, at least had the merit of keeping me going at the minimum expense; I would like to play games as games and not as arduous business; I would like to go back to inferior musical evenings, when I enjoyed myself very well indeed; I would prefer the old-time ball when you met a host of fresh people, instead of having to go with the same stale old party.

I would like my bicycle back again.

It is all very well to say, "The woman is old-fashioned; she hasn't moved with the times." The unfortunate thing is that I have had to move with the times, and I don't think that they are worth moving with.

In the old days the specialists were there if you wanted them, but you got along very comfortably without them, and you had a great deal more fun.

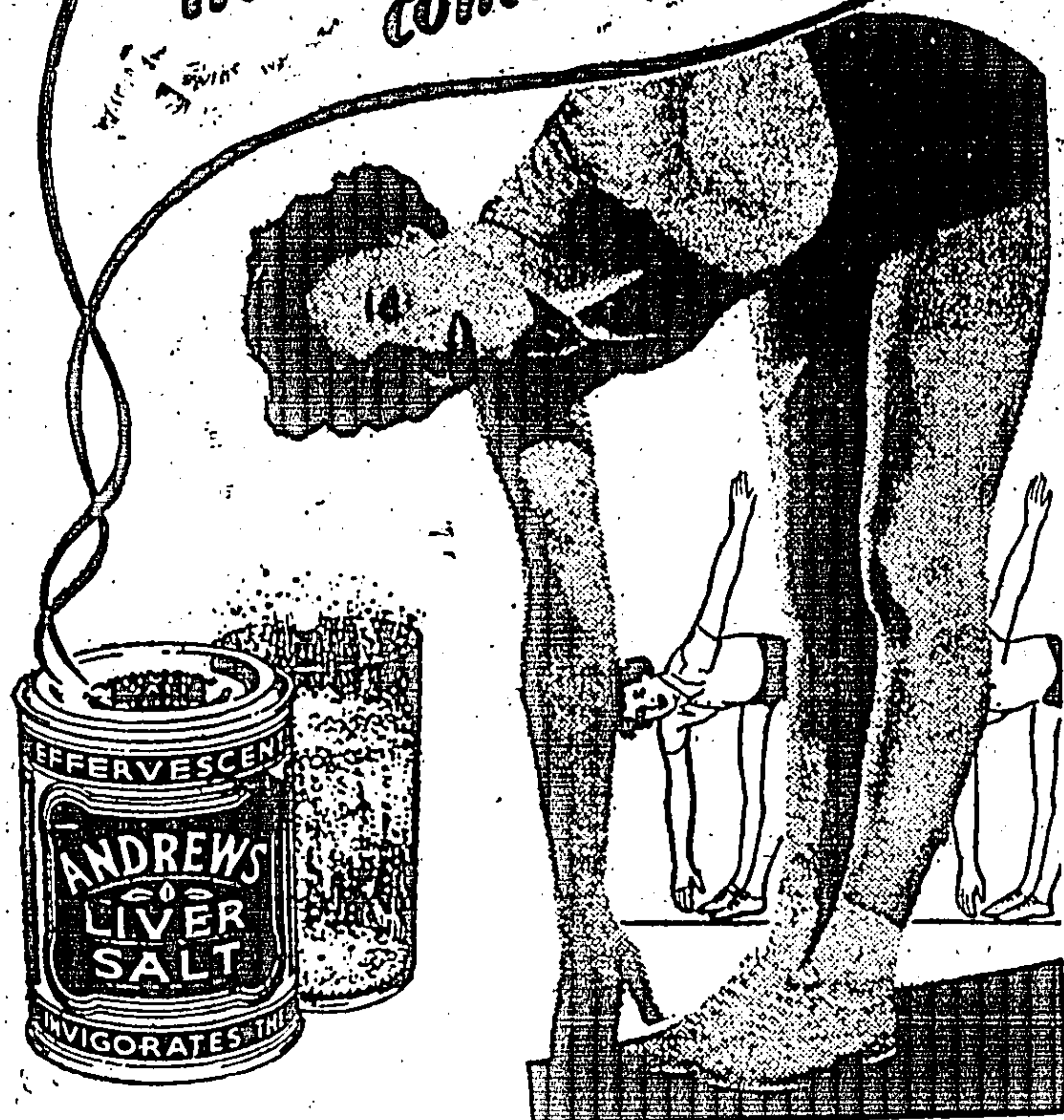
Think it over if you don't believe me. There is something more than old-fashionedness in what I have said.



This is one of a new series of photographs taken in Sheffield, centre of the steel industry, at one of the most famous plants, which includes the largest electric furnaces in the country. The picture shows that girls are employed in greater numbers working on lathes and machines such as those which grind drill points. (Copyright, Fox).

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HEAVIEST AIR RAIDS OF WAR

IT WAS OFFICIALLY announced in London last night that 12 enemy aircraft were shot down and many damaged by the R.A.F. in yesterday's attacks round the British coasts.

An Air Ministry communique states that attempts by strong forces of enemy bombers escorted by fighters to attack shipping and other objectives round our coasts were met with vigorous resistance.

In shooting down 12 and damaging many more of the enemy, our fighters lost one of their number. In a battle over south-east England between seven enemy machines and Spitfires, one enemy bomber crashed and four German airmen were rescued from the fiercely burning wreck.

The remainder of the invading planes were chased out over the Channel.

Three high explosive bombs were dropped in the vicinity and exploded in a field without causing damage.

Two aeroplanes, believed to be German bombers, crashed into the sea about five miles away.

Another German plane was shot down by A.A. fire off the south-east coast. One member of the crew baled out and landed in the sea.

Turned Back

Between 20 and 30 German planes appeared over the coast but after some fighting they turned back to sea and when last seen were being engaged by fighters which repeatedly dived to the attack.

There were civilian casualties in a south-east town after a raid by three waves of German aircraft last night.

Cottages Demolished

High explosive bombs were dropped. Some fell without doing any damage and others hit two cottages which were completely demolished and a hotel and a building on the outskirts of the town.

Damage was done to property and hundreds of windows were broken.

It is believed two German planes were brought down in this raid. Two German airmen jumped by parachute.

Main Street — As After An Earthquake

During the raids on the south-east, 15 explosive bombs were dropped. One fell on a first aid post, killing those inside.

Ten people in Anderson shelters 16 feet from where one of the bombs fell, escaped uninjured.

Twenty-four machines participated in the raid and it is believed four were brought down.

The principal thoroughfare in one town presented the appearance of an earthquake having taken place.

Two hotels and several large business establishments were damaged, as were a bank and police station.—Reuter.

Damage In Midlands

German planes continued their raids on England yesterday, bombs being dropped on the East Coast, where a railway siding was hit and several people were killed.

Damage was also done to a small town in the Midlands, where flying glass caused casualties to children and a few people were killed.

One raider was brought down over the Channel and it is believed that three others were brought down in raids on South-West England.

Bombs were dropped during Wednesday night in the western and south-eastern counties, and also in the Midlands. There were a few casualties—one or two of them fatal—in two south-east towns.

There was no damage of military importance.—Reuter.

HEAVY TOLL OF GERMAN AIR RAIDERS

Authoritative quarters in London yesterday issued the following comment on German High Command communiques:

Germany's air claims, which become daily more and more fantastic, are a measure of her annoyance over her own heavy losses.

Yesterday's figures are a particularly sore point owing to their disproportion to to-day's British losses.

For 14 German machines destroyed and 23 badly damaged Britain has lost only two fighters, not 35 machines as to-day's German communique claims.—Reuter.

BRITISH BROADCASTS IN FRENCH

Replying to questions in the House of Commons yesterday, Mr. Harold Nicholson, parliamentary secretary to the Ministry of Information, said steps had been taken to make clear to the French nation that the actions of the French Government had in no way altered the warmth of our feeling for the French people.

Mr. Nicholson added six broadcasts in the French language were available daily in addition to other means of approach.—Reuter.

R.A.F. CAUSE HAVOC IN GERMANY

Reports received in London from Stockholm yesterday stated severe havoc was caused by R.A.F. raids on towns in northern Germany in which several places and harbours were so badly damaged that shipping was seriously delayed.—Reuter.

ANGLO-FRENCH BOARD DISSOLVED

At Commons question time yesterday, Mr. Arthur Greenwood, Minister without Portfolio, announced that M. Monet, who headed the Anglo-French supply organisation, resigned on July 1. The Anglo-French co-ordinating committee was now being dissolved, he added.—Reuter.

P.W.D. ACTION AGAINST CONTRACTOR

THE USE OF MATERIALS NOT APPROVED BY THE PUBLIC WORKS DEPARTMENT, IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF A BUILDING, RESULTED IN THE APPEARANCE OF THE OWNER, AND THE CONTRACTOR, AS WELL AS THE ARCHITECT, BEFORE MR. Q. A. A. MACFADYEN AT KOWLOON MAGISTRACY THIS MORNING.

The owner, Mr. Lofee Pehong, of No. 69, Queen's Road, was summoned for allowing the substitution of a smaller quantity and smaller sizes of steel bars, the contractor, the Dao Kee Building Contractor, of No. 567, Nathan Road, for using the smaller quantity of steel and smaller sizes without the permission from P.W.D.; and the architect, Wong Chek-tong, of No. 14, Queen's Road, for failing to give full supervision during the construction.

The building was on New Kowloon Lot, No. 1969, in Ngau Tsin Wan Road, a factory building for the Safety Industrial Company.

Mr. J. Murphy, Crown Counsel, assisted by Mr. J. Dobson, of P.W.D., was for the prosecution, and Mr. Leo D'Almada, Jun., for the architect, while the owner and the contractor were not legally represented.

The owner pleaded guilty through the factory manager, Mr. S. S. Wood, the contractor pleaded not guilty and Mr. D'Almada pleaded not guilty for the architect.

Mr. Murphy stated that construction was started on March 29, after the P.W.D. had approved the building plans sent in by the architect in December. Mr. Dobson was authorised by the P.W.D. to inspect during the construction.

Mr. Dobson made numerous visits to the site on various dates and discovered that a smaller quantity of steel and smaller sizes of reinforced concrete bar were substituted on April 3 when the contractor was about to build the second floor of the building.

After another visit with Mr. Paterson, also of the P.W.D., on the following day, Mr. Dobson ordered the work to be stopped. The case is proceeding.

ROOSEVELT GIVEN LEAD

The re-nomination of President Roosevelt for a third term of office was demanded in Washington yesterday by 64 members of the House of Representatives, representing 21 states, in a formal declaration stating President Roosevelt's re-election would mean the preservation of American Democracy.—Reuter.

CAR STOLEN

Mr. Shui Kai-yan, of No. 33, Queen's Road Central, had his car, No. 2243, stolen between 1.25 a.m. and 11 a.m. yesterday from the car park in Connaught Road Central.

LIVERISH?

If you allow your internal organs to become congested with waste matter you are bound to feel liverish, lousy, and out-of-sorts.

Avoid constipation and keep yourself regular with an occasional dose of Pinkettes and you will have no cause to complain of biliousness, sick headache, flatulence or any other of the unpleasant consequences of a disordered digestive system. Get a vial to-day from any chemist.

PINKETTES

The Ideal Little Liver Laxative.

Bride's Vigil By Air Hero

A YOUNG bride is keeping vigil at an R.A.F. hospital, waiting for her hero husband to be released, so that they may start on the honeymoon the war delayed.

Lying badly wounded is twenty-seven-year-old Acting-Flight-Lieutenant Hugh Lomas Smeddle, of St. James's-gardens, London, latest R.A.F. hero to win the D.F.C. for gallantry in operations against the enemy.

This is his first homecoming to his young wife. She has been his constant companion and they will have a short holiday together as soon as he is passed as fit to leave hospital.

Flight-Lieutenant Smeddle was born at Shildon, Co., Durham, and educated at Durham School and Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Here is the official story of the daring feat that gained him the coveted honour.

He was leading a formation of three aircraft on a bombing operation against Ypenburg (Holland) aerodrome when a large number of Messerschmitt 110's attacked the formation and two of the three aircraft were forced to retire.

Flight-Lieutenant Smeddle continued towards his target alone until a cannon shell burst in his cockpit, wounding him and his observer. A second shell wounded his air gunner and wrecked the wireless apparatus.

In spite of severe wounds and the loss of his compass and wireless, Flight-Lieutenant Smeddle threw off the enemy and brought his machine home.

GOT TWO JUNKERS

Also awarded the D.F.C. is Flying-Officer Thomas Norman Hayes, of Walthamstow, Essex.

Flying-Officer Hayes was pilot of one of six aircraft that attacked Rotterdam aerodrome. In company with his commanding officer, he destroyed a Junkers 52 on the aerodrome by machine-gun fire.

While climbing after the dive, the formation was attacked by twelve Messerschmitt 110's.

Though unable to see the enemy aircraft himself, and hard pressed by superior numbers, Flying-Officer Hayes skilfully manoeuvred his aircraft on instruction from the air gunner and sent down a Junkers 52 with its port engine on fire.

Later he broke up a formation of three Heinkel 111's with his remaining ammunition and returned safely to his base.

Corporal George Henry Holmes, of Dalston, London, who was Flying-Officer Hayes's air-gunner, gets the D.F.M.

JAPANESE RAILWAY ACCIDENTS

(Special to "China Mail")

It is revealed in an official publication issued in Tokyo yesterday that casualties on Japanese railways have been on the up-grade since 1936 when 5,525 accidents and 198 deaths occurred.

During 1939, the figures were 8,325 accidents and 540 deaths.

According to current opinion in Tokyo the chief cause is poorly trained personnel. The secondary cause was the much greater load of traffic placed on the railways of Japan since the outbreak of Sino-Japanese hostilities.—Havas.

BRITISH SUBJECTS IN FRANCE

(Special to "China Mail")

Mr. R. A. Butler, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, announced in the Commons yesterday that British subjects in France normally fall under the jurisdiction of the local authorities. At present American consuls in France are watching over British interests.—Havas.

500 CHINESE REGISTER

Some 500 Chinese nationals registered for evacuation to "Free China" at the local offices of the Shumchun Rural Welfare Centre during the last three days. Registration was closed last night.

Forty per cent of those who registered were workers; 20 per cent students; 10 per cent unemployed; 20 per cent traders; and 10 per cent, professional men.

B.W.O.F. GRANT

The Board of Administrators of the B.W.O.F., have approved of a grant of \$2,300 for drugs and \$1,200 for maintenance, amounting to the total of \$3,500 to the Foreign Auxiliary to the National Red Cross Society of China, for Liuchow Hospital, formerly part of the South China Baptist Mission, but now handed over to the Foreign Auxiliary, who have accepted the responsibility.

A cheque for \$3,500 has been forwarded accordingly. The Board has also agreed to continue grant of \$1,000 a month to Rev. H. A. Wittenbach for another six months (i.e. from July to December, 1940,) in respect of relief agencies under his direction in the Chungshan area. A cheque for the month of July has been forwarded.

ACCUSATION OF THEFT

The manager of the "Tai Man Po," Chinese evening paper, Chu Kwok-leung, 34, was charged before Mr. R. Edwards this morning with the theft of \$7.10, belonging to the "Tai Man Po," February 15.

Defendant pleaded not guilty and was remanded until Monday. Bail of \$400 was allowed.

SEQUEL TO RAID

Alleged to have been in possession to three codes or cyphers when the police visited his house at No. 33, Fuk Wing Street yesterday Lam Chung-yuen, alias Lam Sam, 41, described as a school teacher, was remanded for three days by Mr. Q. A. A. Macfadyen at Kowloon this morning.

Det. Sgt. McPherson is in charge of the case.

STEALING PETROL FROM A CAR

Lo Oi-tong, 40, was sentenced to four months' hard labour by Mr. R. Edwards this morning for attempting to steal petrol from a car in Ramsay Street yesterday.

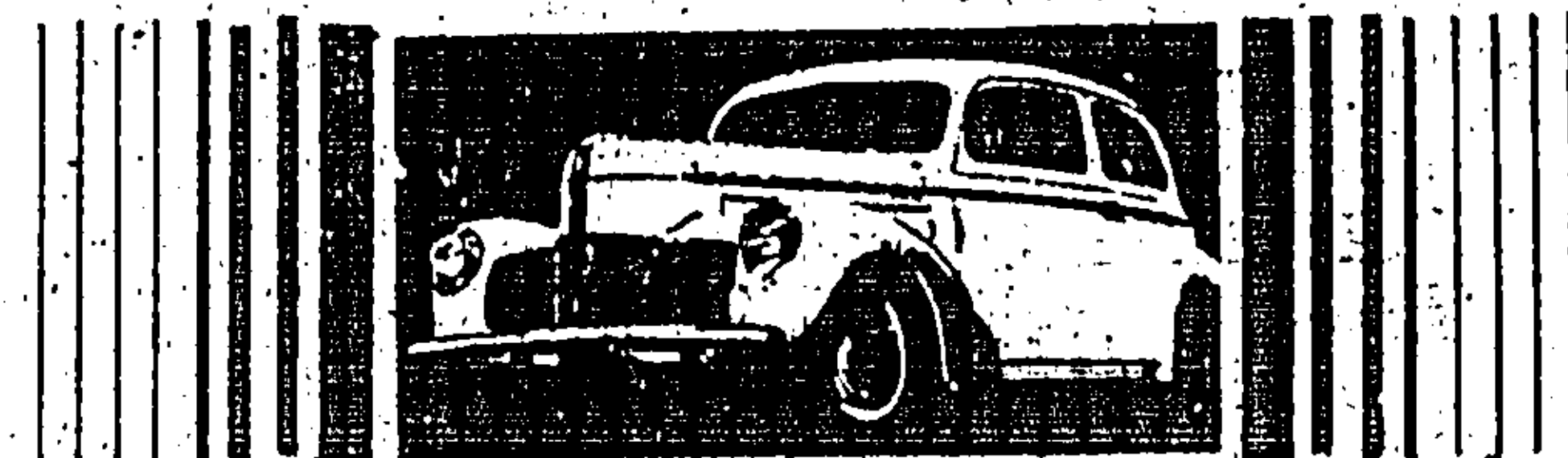
Detective-Sergeant J. R. Sykes said that defendant was seen using a rubber tube to suck petrol from the car into a tin.

Defendant had a previous conviction.

Get out in front in money saving
Drive This Lowest Price Car—The New 1940

STUDEBAKER CHAMPION

That's Out In Front In Style And Value!



HONGKONG HOTEL GARAGE

Stubbs Road

Phone 27778-9

ACT NOW

In response to numerous requests The South China Morning Post, Limited, invites subscription to

ASSIST A FUND TO BRITAIN'S WAR EFFORT

The whole of the money subscribed will be handed to The Government of Hong Kong for transmission to

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT

For the Purchase of Aeroplanes or such other Armaments as the British Government may decide.

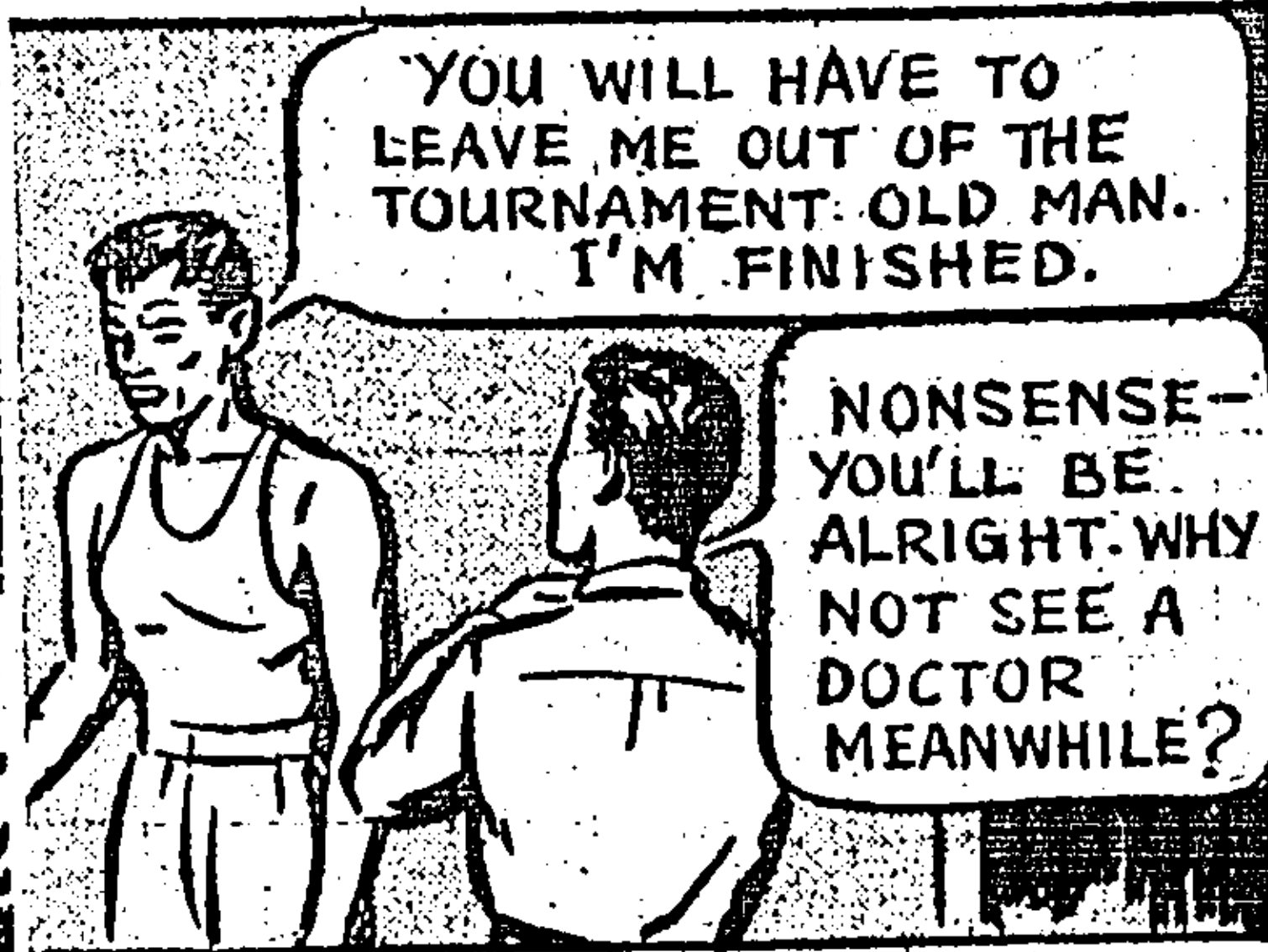
Donations will be received by The South China Morning Post. Cheques should be made payable to "War Fund—South China Morning Post, Limited."

All donations will be acknowledged in the columns of The S. C. M. Post.

BADMINTON CHAMPION LOSES FORM

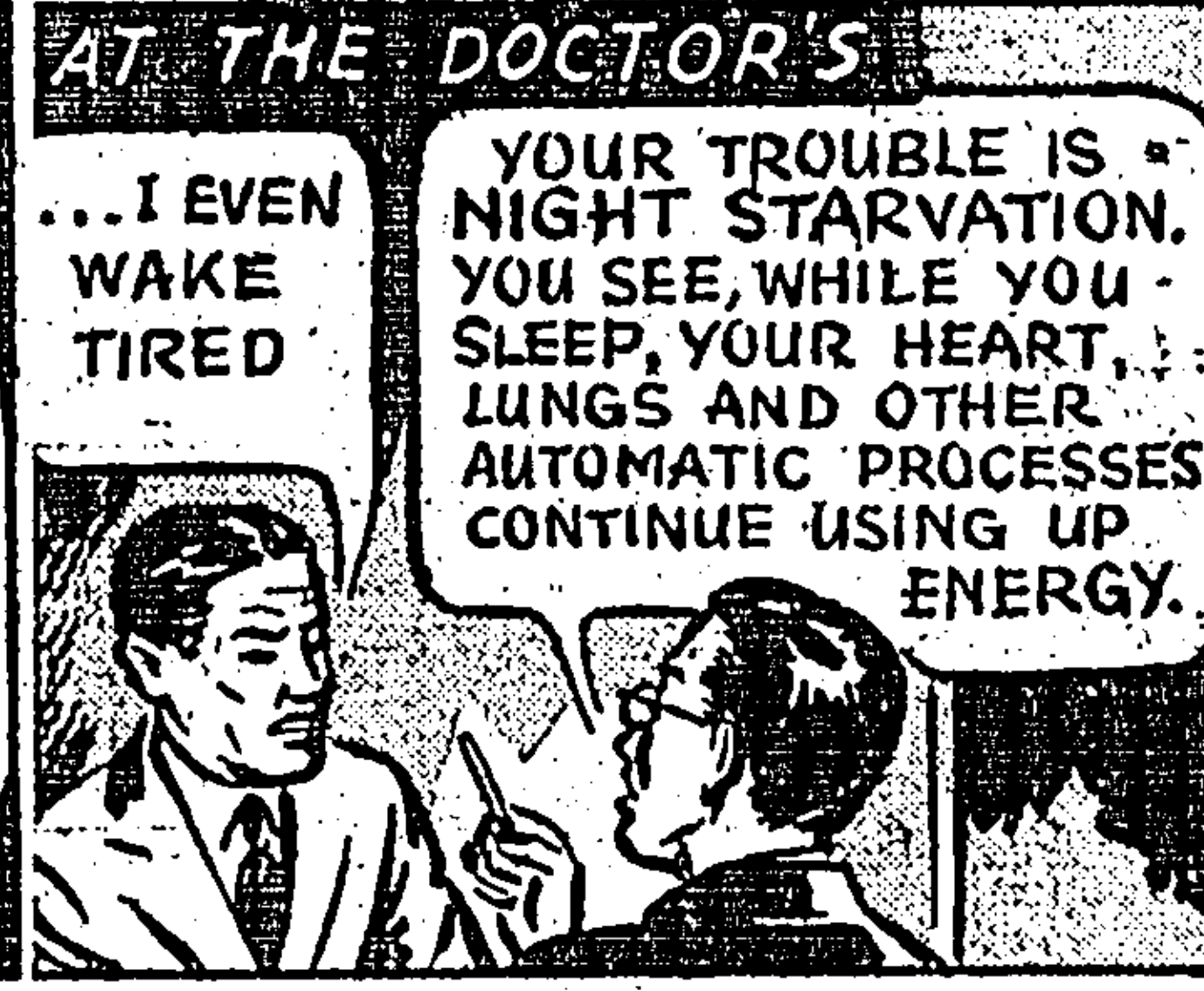


(THINKS)
I SEEM TO BE LOSING
MY PEP—BADMINTON
IS A GAME OF THE
PAST FOR ME.



YOU WILL HAVE TO
LEAVE ME OUT OF THE
TOURNAMENT, OLD MAN.
I'M FINISHED.

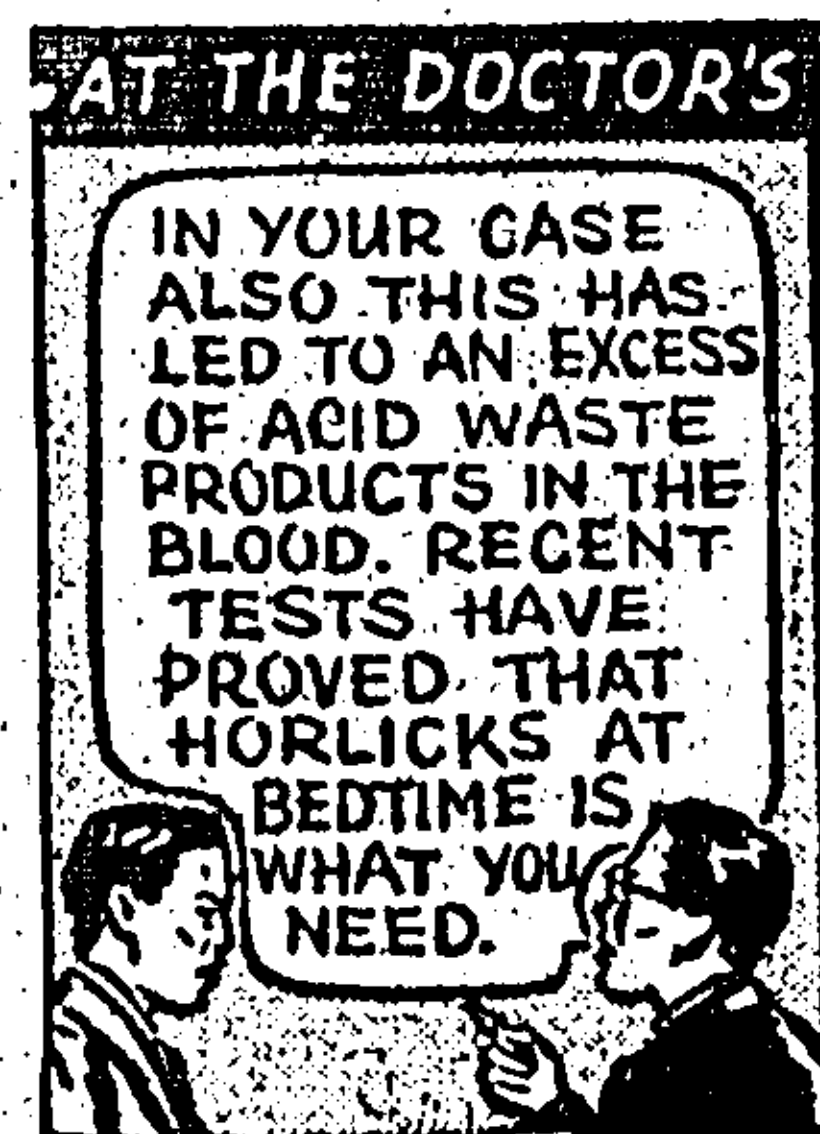
NONSENSE—
YOU'LL BE
ALRIGHT. WHY
NOT SEE A
DOCTOR
MEANWHILE?



AT THE DOCTOR'S

...I EVEN
WAKE
TIRED

YOUR TROUBLE IS
NIGHT STARVATION.
YOU SEE, WHILE YOU
SLEEP, YOUR HEART,
LUNGS AND OTHER
AUTOMATIC PROCESSES
CONTINUE USING UP
ENERGY.

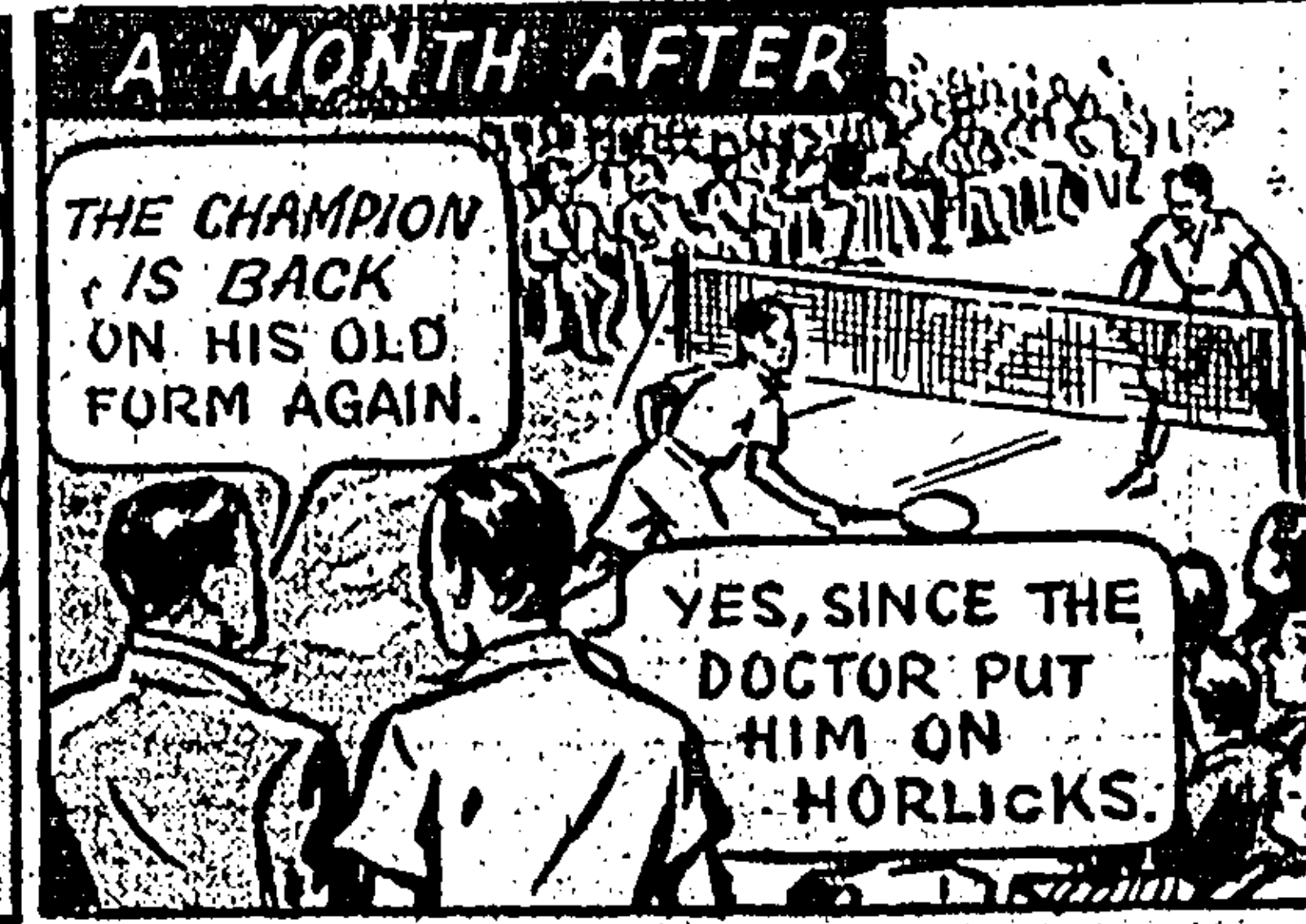


IN YOUR CASE
ALSO THIS HAS
LED TO AN EXCESS
OF ACID WASTE
PRODUCTS IN THE
BLOOD. RECENT
TESTS HAVE
PROVED THAT
HORLICKS AT
BEDTIME IS
WHAT YOU
NEED.



TWO WEEKS
LATER

(THINKS)
THE
DOCTOR'S
RIGHT. THIS
HORLICKS
IS DOING
ME GOOD.



A MONTH AFTER

THE CHAMPION
IS BACK
ON HIS OLD
FORM AGAIN.

YES, SINCE THE
DOCTOR PUT
HIM ON
HORLICKS.

DOCTORS AND SCIENTISTS USE HORLICKS
IN HOSPITAL TESTS

RECENTLY tests were made in a great hospital on men and women who complained of always feeling tired.

It was found that these people had an excess of acid waste products in their blood during sleep.

This acid waste kept the brain and nerves on edge all night even though the rest of the body was sound asleep.

But when Horlicks was given to these people last thing at night, this excess acid waste was completely neutralised. They woke refreshed, with increased energy and vitality.



DO YOU FEEL WORN OUT, DEPRESSED, OR
NERVY? DO YOU EVEN AWAKE TIRED?

Take **HORLICKS** THEN YOU WILL
SLEEP SOUNDLY—
WAKE REFRESHED
AND HAVE EXTRA
ENERGY ALL DAY

THE CHINA MAIL

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HONGKONG & SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION

IT IS HEREBY NOTIFIED that an Interim Dividend of \$2.10/- per share, subject to deduction of Income Tax, has been declared for the HALF YEAR ending 30th JUNE, 1940, at rate of 1/2.7/8 per Dollar.

THE DIVIDEND WILL BE PAYABLE on and after 12th AUGUST at the offices of the Corporation, where Shareholders are requested to apply for Warrants.

THE REGISTER OF SHARES of the Corporation will be closed from 29th JULY to 10th AUGUST (both days inclusive) during which period no transfer of Shares can be registered.

By Order of
The Board of Directors.
V. M. GRAYBURN,
Chief Manager.
Hong Kong, 9th July, 1940.

THE HONG KONG FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION.

The Annual General Meeting of the Hong Kong Football Association will be held in the Association's office, Bank of Canton Building, Fourth Floor, on FRIDAY, July 12 at 5.30 p.m.

C. A. GOLDENBERG,
Hon. Secretary.

PUBLIC AUCTIONS

The Undersigned have received instructions to sell by Public Auction on

FRIDAY, the 12th JULY, 1940 commencing at 2.30 p.m. at their Sales Room, No. 35, Hankow Road, Kowloon.

A QUANTITY OF VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE comprising—

Teakwood Dining Room, Bed Room, Drawing Room and Office Furniture, Tientsin Carpets and Rugs, Pictures, Gramophones and Records, Electric Oven, Ceiling and Table Fans, Filters, Glass, Porcelain, E.P., and Brass Ware, Cutlery, Curies, Ornaments, Cooking Utensils, etc., etc.

also
A Quantity of Blackwood and Rattan Furniture and

2 Electric Refrigerators "Frigidaire"

2 Gas Stoves.
2 Upright Pianos
2 Radio-grams
2 Radio Sets

1 "Royal" Typewriter
1 Teakwood Bed Room Suite
1 Teakwood Dining Room Suite
On View from Thursday, the 11th July, 1940.

Terms: Cash on Delivery.

LAMBERT BROS.,
Auctioneers.

Hong Kong, 10th July, 1940.



PUBLIC AUCTION

PARTICULARS AND CONDITIONS of the Sale by Public Auction to be held on MONDAY the 15th day of July, 1940, at 3 p.m., at the Offices of the Public Works Department, by Order of His Excellency the Governor of one Lot of Crown Land at Stubbs Road, in the Colony of Hong Kong for a term of 75 years, with the option of renewal at a Crown Rent to be fixed by the Surveyor of His Majesty the King, for one further term of 75 years.

Intending bidders are advised that immediately after the disposal of the lot the Purchaser (if not the applicant) will be required to deposit with an authorised officer who will be present at the sale, the sum of two hundred dollars, (\$200) in cash. This sum will be refunded on payment of the Purchase price.

PARTICULARS OF THE LOT.

No. of Sale	Registry No.	Locality	Boundary Measurements	Contents in sq. ft.	Annual Rental	Upset Price
			N. S. E. W.			
1	Inland Lot No. 6007.	Stubbs Road, South of Inland Lot No. 2314.	As per sale plan	ft. ft. ft. ft.	About 30,900	\$732 \$13,665



PUBLIC AUCTION

PARTICULARS AND CONDITIONS of the Sale by Public Auction to be held on MONDAY, the 15th day of July, 1940, at 3 p.m., at the Offices of the Public Works Department, by Order of His Excellency the Governor of one Lot of Crown Land at Tai Kok Tsui, in the Colony of Hong Kong for a term of 75 years, with the option of renewal at a Crown Rent to be fixed by the Surveyor of His Majesty the King, for one further term of 75 years.

Intending bidders are advised that immediately after the disposal of the lot the Purchaser (if not the applicant) will be required to deposit with an authorised officer who will be present at the sale, the sum of two hundred dollars, (\$200) in cash. This sum will be refunded on payment of the Purchase price.

PARTICULARS OF THE LOT.

No. of Sale	Registry No.	Locality	Boundary Measurements	Contents in sq. ft.	Annual Rental	Upset Price
			N. S. E. W.			
2	Kowloon Inland Lot No. 4231.	Junction of Tong Mi Road and Anchor Street.	As per sale plan	ft. ft. ft. ft.	About 8,050	\$148 \$16,120

PUBLIC AUCTIONS

The Undersigned have received instructions to sell by Public Auction on

MONDAY, the 15th JULY, 1940 commencing at 11.00 a.m. at their Sales Room, No. 35, Hankow Road, Kowloon.

A Quantity of Valuable Household Furniture and Sundries

Terms: Cash on Delivery.

LAMBERT BROS.,
Auctioneers.

Hong Kong, 12th July, 1940.



PUBLIC AUCTION

PARTICULARS AND CONDITIONS of the Sale by Public Auction to be held on MONDAY, the 15th day of July, 1940, at 3 p.m., at the Offices of the Public Works Department, by Order of His Excellency the Governor of one Lot of Crown Land at Ma Tau Chung, in the Colony of Hong Kong for a term of 75 years, with the option of renewal at a Crown Rent to be fixed by the Surveyor of His Majesty the King, for one further term of 75 years.

Intending bidders are advised that immediately after the disposal of the lot the Purchaser (if not the applicant) will be required to deposit with an authorised officer who will be present at the sale, the sum of two hundred dollars, (\$200) in cash. This sum will be refunded on payment of the Purchase price.

PARTICULARS OF THE LOT.

No. of Sale	Registry No.	Locality	Boundary Measurements	Contents in sq. ft.	Annual Rental	Upset Price
			N. S. E. W.			
3	Kowloon Inland Lot No. 4232.	Junction of Ma Tau Chung Road & Mok Cheong Street, Ma Tau Chung.	As per sale plan	ft. ft. ft. ft.	About 3,720	\$42 \$2,790



PUBLIC AUCTION

PARTICULARS AND CONDITIONS of the Sale by Public Auction to be held on MONDAY, the 15th day of July, 1940, at 3 p.m., at the Offices of the Public Works Department, by Order of His Excellency the Governor of one Lot of Crown Land at Shamshui, in the Colony of Hong Kong for a term of 75 years, with the option of renewal at a Crown Rent to be fixed by the Surveyor of His Majesty the King, for one further term of 24 years less the last three days thereof.

Intending bidders are advised that immediately after the disposal of the lot the Purchaser (if not the applicant) will be required to deposit with an authorised officer who will be present at the sale, the sum of two hundred dollars, (\$200) in cash. This sum will be refunded on payment of the Purchase price.

PARTICULARS OF THE LOT.

No. of Sale	Registry No.	Locality	Boundary Measurements	Contents in sq. ft.	Annual Rental	Upset Price
			N. S. E. W.			
4	New Kowloon Inland Lot No. 2310.	Castle Peak Road, Shamshui.	As per sale plan	ft. ft. ft. ft.	About 7,350	\$102 \$9,188

WINNING CONTRACT

(By The Four Aces)

STEALING A TRICK
In some detective stories, the handsome "society" burglar lets his intended victim know just when and of what he will be robbed. We haven't met enough burglars to say whether that chivalrous practice is followed in real life—but we can say pretty positively that it's ruinous to bridge burglary. Examine South's well-planned robbery in the hand below.

South: Dealer
Neither side vulnerable
♠ 7 8
♥ Q 8 8
♦ 7 4 5
♣ A Q J 6 2
♠ J 9 8 5 2
♥ A J 7 4
♦ 9
♣ 7 4 3
N
W
E
S
♠ A K
♥ K 9 5
♦ A K 6 5 2
♣ 10 9 8

The bidding:

South West North East
1♠ Pass 2♣ Pass
2NT Pass 3NT Pass

West opened a low spade, and East's Queen forced out South's King. Declarer could count as sure tricks two spades, two diamonds, and either four or five clubs—depending on whether or not the finesse worked. The temptation was strong to lead the ten of clubs and find out at once—but South thought for a moment and saw the danger in time.

If the club finesse lost, East would surely return a spade. It would then be useless to lead a heart in an attempt to steal the ninth trick in that suit. The opponents would simply hop right up with the Ace of hearts and run enough spades to defeat the contract.

The proper time to attempt the steal was before the opponents knew what was going on! So South led a low heart immediately after winning the first spade trick. West ducked, hoping to make two or more heart tricks later on. And when dummy's Queen of hearts held the trick, South was practically home. He returned to his hand with a diamond to take the club finesse. That lost to East, but no defence could now stop South from winning nine tricks.

Yesterday, as Oswald Jacoby's partner and held:

♠ J 6
♥ K 7 5
♦ K Q 10 6 4
♣ A 8 5

The bidding:
Jacoby Makov You Schenken
1♠ Pass 2♦ Pass
4♠ Pass (?)



The perfect hostess is she who can manage a couple of irate neighbours who have just quarreled over their pet pooches.

ANSWER: Bid five clubs. The jump to four spades is a Slam invitation. You could have bid two diamonds without the Ace of clubs, so must make some attempt for the Slam.
Score 100% for five clubs; 50% for five spades, 50% for six spades, 100% for any other bid.

QUESTION NO. 460

The opponents are vulnerable. You are Merwin D. Maier's partner and hold:

♠ Q 10 6 4
♥ A K 5
♦ 6
♣ Q 10 8 3 2

The bidding:

Burnstow You Schenken Maier
1♠ (?)

What do you bid? (Answer tomorrow.)

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

PUBLIC AUCTION

The Undersigned have received instructions to sell by Public Auction on

SATURDAY, the 13th JULY, 1940 commencing at 11.00 a.m. at their Sales Room, No. 2, Connaught Road, Central, 2nd Floor.

A QUANTITY OF VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE also

200 Dozen Hurricane Lamps (in 2 sizes).
18 Dozen Mentmore Fountain Pens.

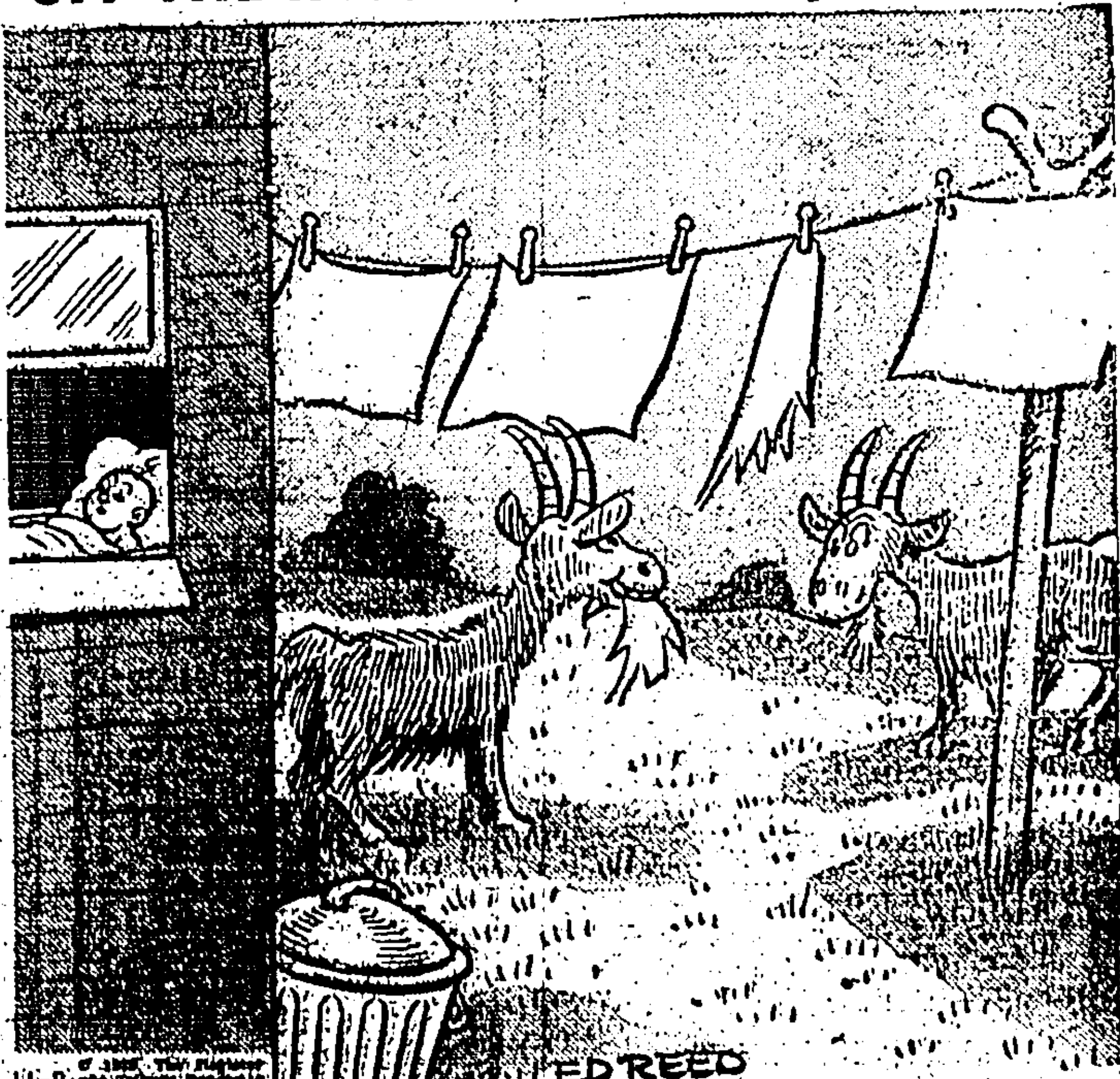
Terms: Cash on Delivery.

LAMBERT BROS.,
Auctioneers.

Hong Kong, 11th July, 1940.

OFF THE RECORD

By ED REED.



"It was a happy event for me, too—I'm getting three squares a day now!"

HERE'S LUCK
EWO BEER

Tel. 30311

SHORT CUTS IN SPEECH

We are to be taught a sharp lesson in the coming months for our folly in not piling up stocks of paper before the war and for our careless use of it since. We shall have less matter to read, which may be a relief to some, and less chance to write, which is tiresome for those who have to live by writing. It is part of the irony of things that the war brings ever more news as it brings ever less newsprint. The harassed editor of to-day is one who has somehow to cram continually more and more into continually less and less.

What used to overrun its column must now be confined. The discipline, herewith being taken, may prove educational. It means a sharpening of language and an end to the long word and clumsy phrase. It is a strange coincidence that the word "style" is the Greek for a column. The patron saint of pole-squatters, you may say, while we toil with Simeon Stylites, might also be called the patron saint of columnists. But his case had its difference. He had small space and much time at his disposal. Many columnists have neither.

If the readers are eager to have as much of news and views for their money as before they too must make certain allowances. If it be a sacrifice to give up the large and plentiful headlines, the generous spacing, and the photography more decorative than relevant which have become typical of modern journalism, then they will have to deny themselves those pleasures. In some cases they will have to accept narrower columns and tighter print, scarcely the diminutive type, close-packed in its columns, which our keen-eyed grandparents took for normal, a sentence as this: "The Prime Minister expects immediately to elucidate and clarify the Government's intentions with a view to intensification of the military operations on the Scandinavian peninsula." The latter is not only the short word to the long. Polite and diplomatic English has recently become loaded with some and a common one.

Writers, or certainly many of them, can do much to help the cause of brevity by preferring the short word to the long. Polite and diplomatic English has recently become loaded with some and a common one. Dreadful jargon; those who want to find out what the other fellow means will talk about the clarification of print and paper. One of fiction and elucidation of intention the odd features of war is that it frequently eases the passage of mouthfuls and paper-wasters; let of long-sought reforms. The us be rid of "orientations of last war permitted women to policy" and "consolidations of vote and daylight to be saved, or, economic interest." Let it be to be more accurate, organised

deemed the act of a patriot as well as of an ingenious stylist, an act worthy a crown of wild olive, to write a column on diplomatic affairs in words never exceeding two syllables. Another much-needed reform is the abolition (pardon the mouthful) of the unnecessary terminal preposition. It should be made an offence in all schools and offices to say "try out" when "try" is meant and suffices, "win through" for "win," "think up" for "think," "check up on" for "check" or "count," and so forth. This horrid habit has become extremely

By IVOR BROWN

common, and now is the time to crush it in the interests of brevity.

Brevity cannot be achieved, you may say, while we toil with such inevitable words as "Government." Agreed. Then why not accept certain rules of curtailment, at least as long as the war lasts? Why not a War Print Pact by which initials serve for certain words in frequent use? If "P.M." is good enough for the Prime Minister in conversation why not also in print? Why not "G." for the Government, "C." for the Cabinet, "M." for "Ministry," "N." for "Nazi," and "S." for "Scandinavia"? An agreed scheme of abbreviations might afflict readers of fixed habits for a while, but the suffering would pass. After all, everybody now accepts the letters "R.A.F." in a leading article. Why boggle at "P.M." will now state G's plan for pressing S. war? It is not its columns, which our keen-eyed grandparents took for normal, a sentence as this: "The Prime Minister expects immediately to elucidate and clarify the Government's intentions with a view to intensification of the military operations on the Scandinavian peninsula." The latter is not only the short word to the long. Polite and diplomatic English has recently become loaded with some and a common one.

tampering with the clock. Both causes had been furiously opposed as though they were blasphemies, direct insults to Heaven. Both causes were carried quietly to victory almost with nobody bothering. It is quite possible that Spelling Reform might be accepted just as tranquilly in this war as a form of economy.

Our various usages of "ough" are not only a sin against sense, they are a waste of paper. I am myself a sentimentalist with regard to language and am pained by the sight of "thru," but it is really a pain without reason and a pain which would soon vanish. We could save much space for ourselves as well as remove much affliction for the foreign speaker and reader of English if we tidied up our spelling now. Suppose that all the suggested forms of saving were in use at once, we should be able to turn such a sentence as:

Although the Government, through its dilatory Ministry of Agriculture, has dissipated enough ploughing time, it should still be possible to rough out propositions for a speed-up of agricultural labour into:

The G., thru its slow Min. of Ag., has wasted enuf plowing time, it could ruf out plans for speeding of farm labour.

That may not be right by the rules of Nu Speling (and it certainly looks barbarous to sentimentalists like myself), but it serves to show the saving of print and paper which a form of Nu Speling might bring us. If I were one of the crusaders in this cause I should now bombard the Government with plans for print-saving, which, in effect, means saving of ship space and of money. The Civil Service has lately been ordered to write and read its minutes in single-spaced typescript on both sides of cheap paper, which is simply another phrase for a horrid mess and a pain in the eyes. Consequently every civil servant has at present one natural desire, to have less of this mess to decipher. In short, he is grand material for a Nu Speling campaign. Also he is powerful. In war-time it is not "the stars, the stars above us, that govern our condition," nor is it the Lords and Commons, but people in offices commonly known as "They," which means the Civil Service.



STEEL AND YET MORE STEEL—The demand for steel of every quality has been greatly intensified now that Britain is fighting for her very existence. This is one of a new series of photographs taken in Sheffield, and, shows a giant 4,000-ton press forging a rotor shaft over 45 tons. (Copyright, Fox).

HONG KONG SHARE MARKET

BANKS
Hong Kong Bank \$1110 b.
DOCKS, WHARVES, GODOWNS, ETC.
Providents \$3.35 b.
LANDS, HOTELS & BLDGS.
H.K. and S. Hotels \$3.20 sa.
H.K. Lands \$29 3/4 b.
PUBLIC UTILITIES
H.K. Tramways \$14 b., \$14 1/2 sa.
China Lights (Old) \$5.90 b., \$6 sa.
H.K. Electrics (Old) \$35 b., \$35 1/2 s., \$35 3/4 sa.
Telephones (Old) \$19.10 b.
STORES, &C.
Watsons \$7.60 b., \$7.60 sa.
LAST DAY'S SALES
1,424 Hotels @ \$3.20
100 Trams @ \$14 1/4
300 Lights (Old) @ \$6
56 Lights (Old) @ \$5.85
600 Telephones (Old) @ \$19.10
250 Watsons @ \$7.60
300 Electrics (Old) @ \$35 3/4

LOCAL DOLLAR

The demand rate on the Hong Kong dollar to-day was 1/2 7/8. London Silver was quoted at 21 13/16 for Spot and 21 5/8 Forward.
The cross rate London/New York was quoted at £—U.S.\$4.0250 and the New York/London rate at £—U.S.\$3.66-1/2.

PHOSPHORUS ON STEAMER

A fine of \$500, or four months' hard labour, was imposed by Mr. E. Himsforth this morning on Lau Kim-wai, a travelling trader, for possession of a tin of phosphorus, without a licence, on board the s.s. Fat Shan.
Inspector A. E. Carey, prosecuting, said accused was arrested by an Indian guard. The tin of phosphorus was found concealed in a basket in the third class compartment.
The Inspector added that three weeks ago, this compartment caught fire, and the cause had not yet been established.

STOCK EXCHANGE "SLIGHTLY EASIER"

Oils on the London Stock Exchange yesterday opened easy and later strengthened on better support but other sections closed lower owing to the quietness of trading. Gilt-edged fluctuated narrowly: final prices were unchanged or slightly easier on the day. Wall Street was firm. — Reuter.

Mr. R. B. Landis, of No. 283, Prince Edward Road, walking in Chater Road yesterday, was robbed of a fountain pen, which was snatched from his pocket.

CHILDREN'S STORY

TANGLE FOOT

(By Howard R. Garis)

When the red-faced warbler showed the June Walk Nature study Class his nest, not even the Lady Mouse Teacher of the Hollow Tree School could help laughing. As for Baby Bunty, why, that cute little orphan rabbit hopped around giggling so hard she nearly lost the twinkle from her pink nose.

"Go ahead, laugh!" sang the red-faced warbler bird. "I told you my nest was a very silly one. And so it is, as you can see."

"Well, perhaps it may look silly," said Uncle Wiggily who tried to be kind to every one. "But it serves its purpose, doesn't it, my red-faced friend?"

"Oh, yes," answered the bird. "My nest holds the eggs my wife bird will soon lay. And the little red-faced warbler birds will hatch out of this silly nest as well as the oven birds will hatch out of the fine nest that bird builds, with a roof over the top."

DIFFERENT KINDS

"Very true," said Uncle Wiggily. "Each bird has a different nest. The Baltimore oriole builds a nest that hangs like a cradle or like a four-poster bed. The night hawk often builds no nest at all. The oven bird builds a strong nest on the ground with an umbrella roof for the rain. And the red-faced warbler—"

"Go ahead, say it!" laughed the beautifully coloured songster. "I build a very silly nest."

"But what is so silly about it?" asked Miss Mouse. "She had not yet had a chance to get a good look. She had let her animal boy and girl pupils crowd in ahead of her.

"The reason the nest is so silly," explained Uncle Wiggily, "is that it isn't really a nest at all. It's just a bunch of grass, look!"

Uncle Wiggily lifted from the ground what, truly, seemed to be only some bunches of grass loosely put together. They fell apart in his paw.

"Oh, now you have spoiled the nest of the red-faced warbler!" said Baby Bunty.

"It doesn't matter," sang the bird. "I can soon gather some more bunches of grass and twist them around to make a new nest."



My wife will never know the difference when she comes home to lay her eggs. I told you it was a silly nest."

TRAP

"Nothing is silly if it does what Nature intended to have it do," said Uncle Wiggily. He tossed aside the old nest of the red-faced warbler. The bird was already building a new nest.

Then, all of a sudden, as so often happens, the weasel, Bad Chap, who was sneaking around, trying to catch Uncle Wiggily, dashed from beneath a bush. The weasel made a spring to grasp Mr. Longears by the throat. But the silly nest of the red-faced warbler was a tangle foot to the Bad Chap. The strands of grass

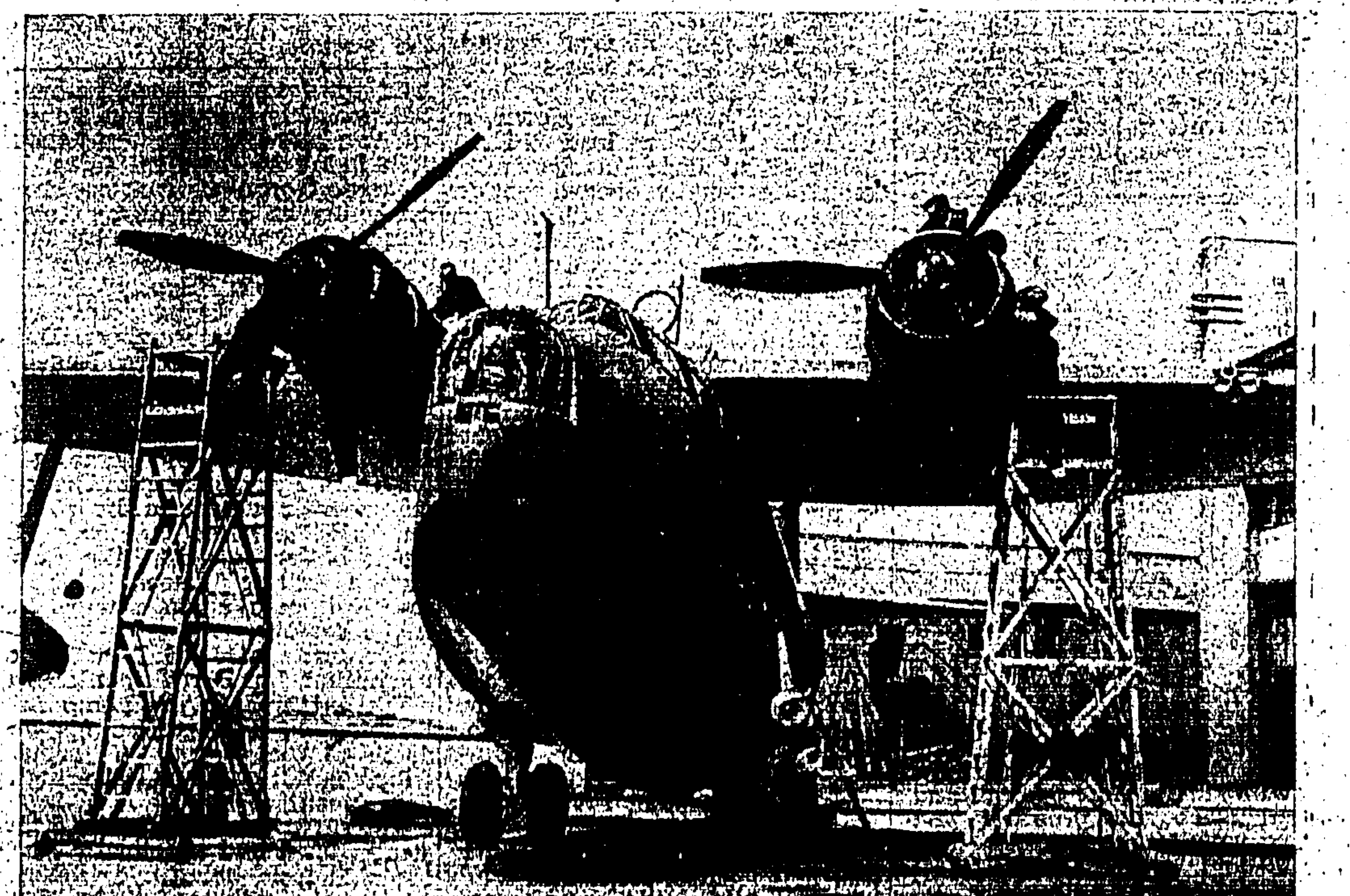
became twisted around his legs. He fell down and bumped his nose.

"Ouch!" squeaked the weasel. Uncle Wiggily heard him and ran away without getting caught. And the Bad Chap was so fangle-footed by the grass of the bird's nest that he couldn't get loose to catch any of the animal children.

"Well, we have had a wonderful June Walk Nature Lesson," said the Lady Mouse Teacher as she led her class out of the woods. So this teaches us that, sometimes, even silly things may be useful.

And, if the apple pie doesn't bite the piece of cheese when it climbs on top to wave to the powdered sugar, I'll tell you next about Bunty's fish.

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)



The flying boats used by the R.A.F. Coastal Command have been employed with great success for convoy work and attacking enemy submarines. Here is one of the huge ships of the air receiving finishing touches at Cowes before leaving for a Coastal Command station. (Copyright, Fox).

LEAGUE BOWLS TEAMS PLAY TRUE TO FORM Important Match Postponed

FIRST WIN FOR HONG KONG F.C.

By "Skip"

AS A BARE couple of shots robbed me of having the satisfaction of a correct forecast of last Saturday's restricted bowls programme, it can be said that the teams played true to form. Only upset was at the Police Club, where the home team proved victorious by a single shot against Kowloon Dock, whom I indicated might just win.

The important match between Club de Recreio and Craigengower was postponed on account of the unfit green, as were both the Civil Service games, Sookunpoo being saturated like their own green at the Valley. In Third Division Prison Officers were unable to play Craigengower, and Kowloon Football Club did not meet Hong Kong Cricket Club for the same reason.

K.B.G.C. secured their second triple win of the season, whilst in the Second Division game at Austin Road, Bob Duncan's rink—E. F. Pope, V. C. Dixon and F. A. Cheesman—had the unusual distinction of securing two sevens in the course of their game against Stephens' rink, hitherto unbeaten.

I have knowledge of only one other occasion when this feat has been achieved and strangely enough it was on the same green; perhaps more strange is the fact that Pope was lead in P. J. A. Hamilton's rink which did the trick against G. E. Costello's Yacht Club rink last year.

Hong Kong Electric nearly came a cropper against the Indians and had to pull up from a tea-time deficit of 10 shots or so to preserve their 100 per cent. record.

The finish to the game at Police Club was sensational as Johnny Kempton lost a six at the 19th head and then a four, when the Dock team looked set for a victory, and he was left with two to get to tie at his last head; he could get only a singleton, and it was a good singleton, I may add, as Police were counting three when Kempton drew the first shot.

Although it is true to say that Joe Carey was in good form and was the best of the home rink, Perkins also played his part well and it was largely due to his efforts that the two match-winning scores were made possible. Kempton had been leading all the way and the collapse came as an anti-climax.

Bob Morrison, deputising for McKelvie who was not available, was in splendid form against Jim Shepherd but it needed scores on all of the last four heads to enable him to win by five shots.

Jock Orem was of great assistance to Shepherd and brought off some excellent shots.

Cullen managed to tie with Fender in a low-scoring game but I understand that he was fortunate to do so as, for the most part, his team were not as good as their opponents, with the exception of MacKie as second man, who was



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K.C.C. PAIR'S FINE EFFORT

In the only game played yesterday in the Second Round of the Open Paris Lawn Bowls Championship, A. Bone and T. A. Madar did very well to eliminate a strong Portuguese pair in J. A. Remedios and L. A. Gutierrez by 19 shots to 16.

ELECTRIC EXTENDED BY I.R.C.

The lowly-placed Indians very nearly upset the Electricians, only a gain of eight shots in the last three heads, deciding the issue in favour of the home team.

Paul, last to finish, secured two singles on his final two heads against Wahab to save the situation, as the side were only three up at that stage.

This was the only home win, though Jim Lunny, after being 18-7 down in the first dozen ends, finished strongly to lose by only a singleton.

Bakar simply ran away from Stopani Thompson but the latter scored a three, a four and a five on three of his seven scoring ends, and lost by only six shots.

Kowloon Bowling Green Club always had the measure of Hong Kong Football Club though Wallington managed to beat Hamilton by a couple of shots after holding a small lead all the game. Ernie Strange played a useful game for Wallington, who also did his stuff.

Len Jordan was leading Jack Watson by 21-5 at one time, chiefly due to an excellent display by Peckham, his third man. The visiting skip, however, who had very little support from his front men, came right onto his game and made up some of the leeway.

Johnny Dinnen opened his account with six and was always leading George Graver, who could not find his form at all. Elphick was leading well for the home skip, whilst Flippance was probably the most consistent of the visitors.

Of the losers, Lionel Lammert was probably the best but Robertson ran him close for the honour, both being in excellent form.

Jackie Noronha's rink could not get going at all against George Duncan and were down by 14 at one time, though they recovered slightly. Both "Spotty" Pereira and Vas were being outbowed by their opposite numbers, Didsbury being especially good against the former player, and Remedios and his skip were often up against it. Duncan often added to the latter's difficulty by some good play. B. Basto's lead and second man were nowhere in the picture for half the game but they did much better towards the finish, though Arthur Watson, back in the first team again, always had Alves beaten.

Bickford also did well on promotion but Brooksbank was weak as three to the home skip, Bebbington, who played his best game of the season, a remark which is not quite as flattering as it is meant to be!

Tony Guterres maintained his steady form and practically saved the side from being overwhelmed during the first period; B. Basto came onto his game only when his first two men found their form and then he was excellent and played well to secure three threes in succession towards the finish.



J. C. Chalmers about to deliver a wood in his match in the open rinks lawn bowls tournament played on Sunday. Chalmers skipped a rink which lost to a rink led by U. M. Omar, seen here in the background, by 21-23.

DREW PLAYS WELL AND RINKS TITLISTS ARE ELIMINATED

By "SKIP"

FIFTEEN GAMES in the Open Rinks Competition were played in perfect weather on Sunday afternoon and Bill Harrower's four, from Kowloon Bowling Green Club, captured the headlines by reason of their unexpected, or should I say sensational victory over the holders. The Omar—in the Singular—scored a fine win over Chalmers' Taikoo four, who led by 20 shots to 6 but could score only one more shot whilst U. M. Omar, almost solely by his own efforts, chalked up no less than 17 shots to win by a couple. He never knows when he is beaten!

McKelvie's rink was expected to beat Meyer's but they were never in the picture, the latter's team playing well to a man.

Harry Drew was the hero of the close game, with the latter just game between Harrower and F. winning. The teams were evenly X. Silva: he played one of the finest games possible, he it draw drive or block. Machado and on Youngusband who was right Charlie Silva were beating their off his game.

Opposite numbers nearly all the time, which left Drew with any amount of work to do which he simply gloried in. Harrower too pulled his weight, a beautiful shot at the 20th head virtually deciding the game. Down a couple of shots at this stage. He was lying four, when Spuggy Silva drew a probable second shot less than a foot wide of the jack. Harrower could either try to push it through on the fore or else, with a little more weight, face it on the back hand. He chose the latter course and, with perfect green, missed three possible traps to achieve his object: applause from the large number of spectators followed spontaneously!

Brooksbank's Double
Arnold Brooksbank, having won a pairs game in the morning, completed the double by beating Eccleshall's quartette. Bebbington was again in brilliant form and paved the way for victory. The winners scored a six on the last head, on which there must have been at least half a dozen touchers: needing three to tie and, with two of these opposition touchers sitting on top of the kitty, Eccleshall had no option but to try to break up the head and the head finished with most of his woods in the ditch and the enemy's woods clustering round the jack.

Meyer's rink quite overwhelmed the Kowloon Dock four skipped by McKelvie: Len Sykes as lead was very accurate and had the better of Ferguson, who, after a poor start, proved the best of the opposition. Deacon was outstanding in the winner's team who won by 30-13.

At Club de Recreio Arthur Grimmitt was in deadly form against Tom Stainton and scored almost at will until the last few heads when the game was in the bag. His men were beating their opposites nearly all the time, whilst Grimmitt, as I have indicated, added many shots himself. Chittenden and Abbas had a

close game, with the latter just game between Harrower and F. winning. The teams were evenly X. Silva: he played one of the finest games possible, he it draw drive or block. Machado and on Youngusband who was right Charlie Silva were beating their off his game.

Fender had Willie Dall to thank for a narrow win over McGowan's Civil Service four, who lead all the way. On the same green Charlie Roza-Pereira always had the edge on Zimmern's four, who so sensationally eliminated Dick Alves in the previous round.

Duncan Again
Adam Holland had a surprisingly easy win against Joe Carey's rink at Kowloon Football Club, John Gill producing his best form as third man to the winner, whilst Bob Duncan had a big win over Alf Lewis on the same green. Bill Houston played a great game for the Kowloon Bowling Green Club skip, who was in deadly form himself.

The Strange brothers lost to Sherriff's four by five shots: the latter played with a cohesion which appeared to be lacking on the other side. At Kowloon Dock, Dallah had to fight hard against a weakish rink from Hong Kong Football Club before he got home, although it is true that he never looked to be in danger. I have already commented on the match at the Civil Service Club between Chalmers and Omar which, quite apart from U. M.'s brilliance, the Indians were rather fortunate to win. The Taikoo players quite outbowed them in the early stages and were bowling very well right up to the finish but nothing went their way, and everything Omar's!

On this same green Charlie Roosevelt simply walked over Bill Way, a clubmate, and led by 27-4 at one time to finish up 20 to the good. Aitken had a remarkably easy victory over Bill Hollands at Craigengower, whilst Rakusen, with 37, had the highest total of the day, as well as the biggest win. The Rumjahns were never in the picture and scored only 10 shots. The game between Jilott and C.G. Silva was postponed.

SECOND DIVISION

GREAT SHOT BY DUNCAN GIVES HIM HIS SECOND SEVEN

By "SKIP"

IN SECOND DIVISION by far the most exciting match was that between Kowloon Bowling Green Club and Kowloon Tong at Austin Road, a bare three shots separating the teams at the finish.

Bob Duncan, quite apart from his feat in securing a couple of sevens, was the hero of the game as his win by 23 shots was sufficient to carry the side to victory, despite a titanic effort by Kew's rink to snatch the points at the very last head.

Duncan's rink were completely outbowling the men from Kowloon Tong, skipped by Stephens, who had not previously lost a game. It is only fair to add that the visiting skip had a reserve playing in place of Lim, who has gone North, but this remark must not in any way be meant to disparage the work of the home four.

Pope, who shared in the honour of securing two sevens in a game last year, was in splendid form as lead, whilst handy-man Dixon played well as second man though his opponent was weak.

Cheesman pulled his weight but Bob Duncan was really outstanding. Though the first seven was undoubtedly due to rank bad bowling by the opposition with the fourth shot over four feet away, the second count was Duncan's own.

With the home team lying six shots, Stephens drew the second shot, rather luckily; it must be added, and Duncan with a perfect wood came through narrow port to face this out and stay put for the seventh!

Tony Basto had the edge on Drew most of the way, thanks to the fine work of Hsu, and won by half a dozen shots against a team which appeared to lack the will

to win, but "Hope" Kew was all over Harrower's rink and won by 14 shots. The two Castros were playing well as lead and second man but it was Howard and Kew who made victory possible for their rink. Andy Morton, playing out of position, was not up to his usual form, to put it mildly, whilst Harrower's task was usually hopeless.

Howard did an amount of good work through being up but he upset the last head badly for the same reason when, with five wanted to tie the game, he moved the jack back when he was already counting three.

Morton consolidated matters on this head when he moved the kitty still further back to leave the opposition with a single shot — and an impossible position.

K.F.C. Never Troubled

Kowloon Football Club never had to worry about the result of their game with Police as they ran into a lead at the second head, on which Bill Simpson secured a nap hand against Channing, and they steadily increased their score, to win by 29 shots, of which Simpson, continuing in strong vein, secured as many as 15. Walter Groves was playing a fine game as lead for him and may be said to have laid the foundation for the win though the whole team played well against opposition which was not very strong.

Younghusband had nearly as easy a task against Jock Riddell, though he gained all his margin of shots in the last eight heads. Joe Gibson was as usual very steady but Eastman had an off day. But Bob Hall and his skip did their stuff as and when required.

Vic Chittenden had to contend with some "Fifth Column" stuff, as a member of his own club, turning out for the Police, nearly caused him to lose. Williams was in great form and the best of the eight on view, though Lapsley, as lead to the local skip, gave Williams many opportunities of proving his worth. After a changing battle, a dead end at the 15th, turned the tide in favour of the home team, who scraped home by three shots.

Yvanovich's Big Win

A similar result was recorded at King's Park where Club de Recreio beat Hong Kong Cricket Club without any difficulty, all three rinks sharing in the victory. Peto Yvanovich had the biggest win against Bob Duncan's son, playing his last game prior to going on leave. The visitors' team, it should be mentioned, was entered in many respects from that published, owing to various circumstances. Cassidy was the best of the visiting side, whilst the winners especially the skip, played well.

Eddie Sousa always had the edge on Bert Maughan, for whom Arthur Lay, who has turned out for the Kowloon Bowling Green Club team on occasion, played as third man. He was up by 11 shots at the finish but Oscar Remedios had a much closer fight against Brown and only four shots on the last two heads gave him victory by eight shots.

McNeill's Rally

Talkoo, at the expense of Craigengower, had the third big win in this Division, though they lost on one rink by a couple of shots, Tom Stainton succumbing to McNeill by that number, despite a fine game by his third man, Watson.

The scores were pretty even for a while, but Stainton ran into a

ARMY SPORTLIGHT

By "SQUADDY"

THE sudden improvement in the weather yesterday was very much welcomed by the Army tennis fans, and telephones were kept busy in the morning by Unit Secretaries endeavouring to arrange the "play offs" of matches that have not been postponed once but several times, through wet weather and military operations.

If the weather holds now (or is that too much to hope all at once?) there will be a great deal of activity at Sookunpoo and Cpl. Glasgow can be assured of an extra busy time until things begin to sort themselves out again.

At the start the players will, no doubt, be badly in need of practice and the only kind of practice that they will be able to get will be by playing in actual league matches. This lack of practice, however, will be general so no one should be at any disadvantage.

SINCE writing about the proposed Chinese versus The Services boxing tournament, I learn that it has been eagerly discussed by those interested in this sport.

Generally speaking the idea is welcomed and it is believed that some really good fights can be arranged. A suggestion put forward was that a tournament could be arranged in aid of the B.W.O.F., because it is generally agreed that such a tournament would attract a lot of support not only from the Services but also from the Civilian population as well. There are one or two who doubt the ability of the Chinese to stand up to some of the best Service boxers in the Colony. The Chinese are, as we all know, an unknown quality, that was why I suggested, when I first wrote about the proposal, that Mr. Lee would be well advised to try out his talent with the Small Units before tackling the formidable strength of either the Royal Scots or the Middlesex Regiment.

ST. Andrew's Club table tennis team had an easy passage in their match against Royal Army Medical Corps (Combined Military Hospital), winning 12 of the 16 games played. Eight games were played with the heavy ball and eight games with the light ball; with four exceptions the Medicals were much more at home with the light ball. Richards and Johns were the only two to put up any sort of a show against St. Andrew's in the singles and they were responsible for winning the only two games the Medicals won in the singles. Playing together in the doubles afterwards they were lucky to beat Lampard and Jones (St. Andrews) 21-17 and 21-17, to score the other two games won by the Medicals. Merrit (St. Andrews) proved far too fast for Jacobs, whom he beat 21-6 (light ball), 21-3 (heavy ball). Evans fought hard against Lampard (St. Andrews) but lost both games 21-18 (light) 21-14 (heavy).

Although the heavy ball will, I understand, be the standard ball in the proposed Army League, it appears that the Medicals have been using the light ball, it may explain a lot, including their heavy defeat by the Service Corps. They should pay some attention to this matter get their players to make a habit of practising with the heavy ball in preparation for League games.

lead of five by the interval after which the visitors began to rally round, with their skip's record as the inspiration!

In the absence of Bill Way, Alf Coates of the first team skipped his rink, but his presence did not bring forth the best in his front men who were all palpably weak and made no showing against Munro's four, of whom Hillon in the unusual position of third man, played a remarkably fine game.

The visitors scored on only six heads and Alf Lewis went only one better in his game against Chalmers, though his total was only the same. In a team which was so superior to their opponents it seems invidious to mention anyone, but it must be recorded that Boydard was really good as three to Chalmers, who was also up to his usual high standard.

C.C.C. TENNIS WIN

In the only "D" Division game in the Tennis League played yesterday Craigengower Cricket Club beat Indian Recreation Club by 6½ sets to 2½.

S.A. R. Bux and M. Hassan (I.R.C.), lost to K. M. Au and C. M. Lee 3-6
lost to S. Leonard and P. C. Yu 2-6
lost to F. Ozorio and G. Souza 1-6
I. Kitchell and M. I. Razack (I.R.C.), lost to Au and Lee 3-6
lost to Leonard and Yu 2-6
beat Ozorio and Souza 6-4
K. M. Rumjahn and M. A. Wahab (I.R.C.), lost to Au and Lee 1-6
beat Leonard and Yu 6-4
draw with Ozorio and Souza 6-6

League Table

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	Pts.
S.C.A.A.	3	3	0	0	25	2	6
C.R.C. "A"	3	3	0	0	20½	6½	6
C.R.C. "B"	3	3	0	0	18½	8½	6
Philippine Club	3	2	0	1	10	11	4
C.C.C.	5	2	0	3	17	24	4
I.R.C.	4	1	0	3	15½	20½	2
K.C.C.	4	1	0	3	12½	23½	2
K.I.T.C.	4	1	0	3	12	24	2
C.B.A.	3	0	0	3	3	20	0

* Withdrawn.

BOWLS TEAMS

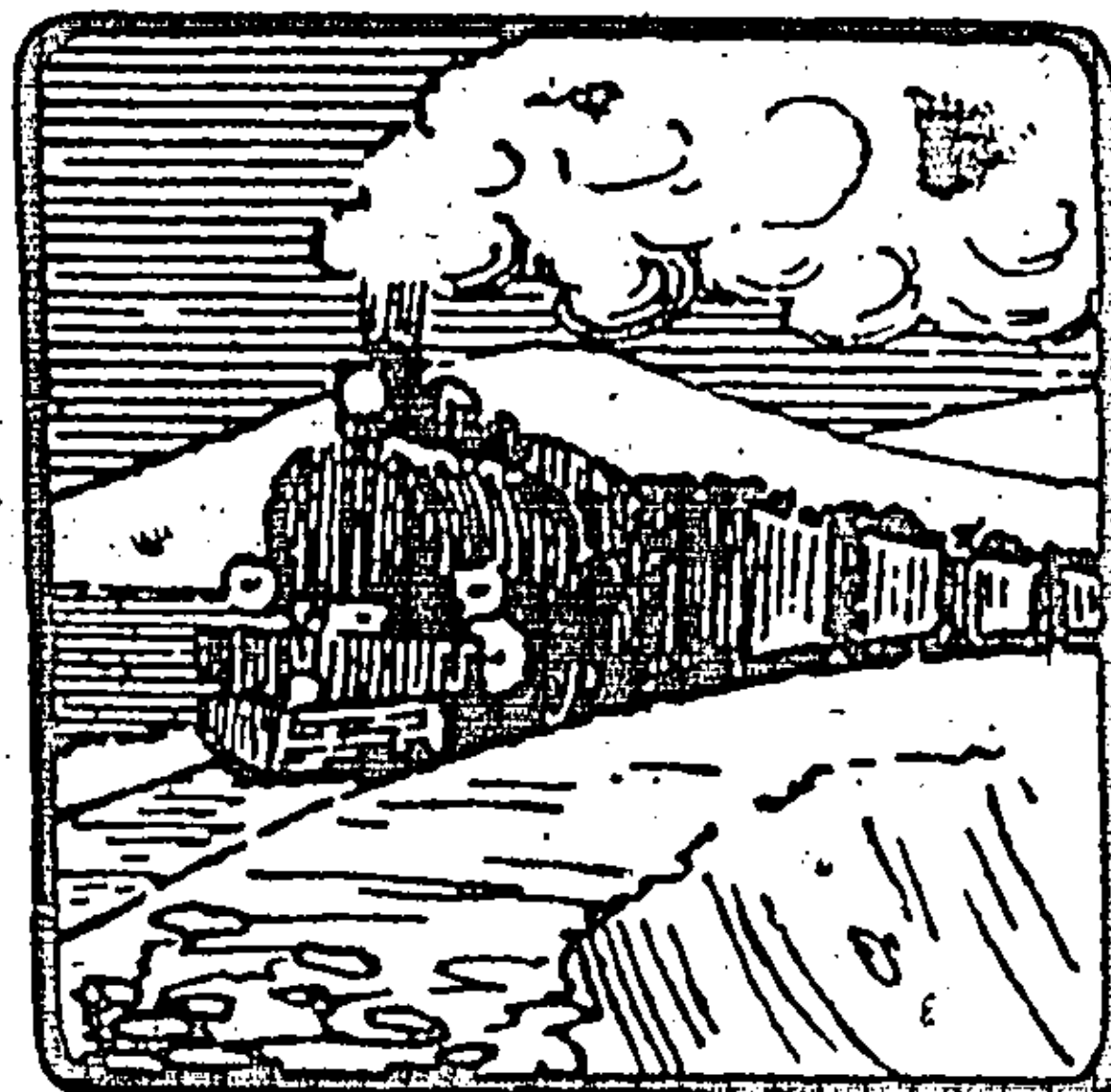
Following teams have been selected for Saturday's League lawn bowls matches:—

K.F.C.
Second Division (v. K.T.G.C.A. away):—J. Gibson, A. Eastman, R. Hall and P. Younghusband (skip); W. Groves, R. Hughes, C. Dowman and W. Simpson (skip); A. Lapsley, V. Atienza, V. Chittenden and W. Field (skip).
Third Division (v. K.B.G.C., home):—C. Woodcock, S. Wong, C. Fuller and B. Evans (skip); B. Thomson, B. Williams, Y. Abbas and J. Smalley (skip); G. Frost, C. Pile, J. Henson and J. Smith (skip).

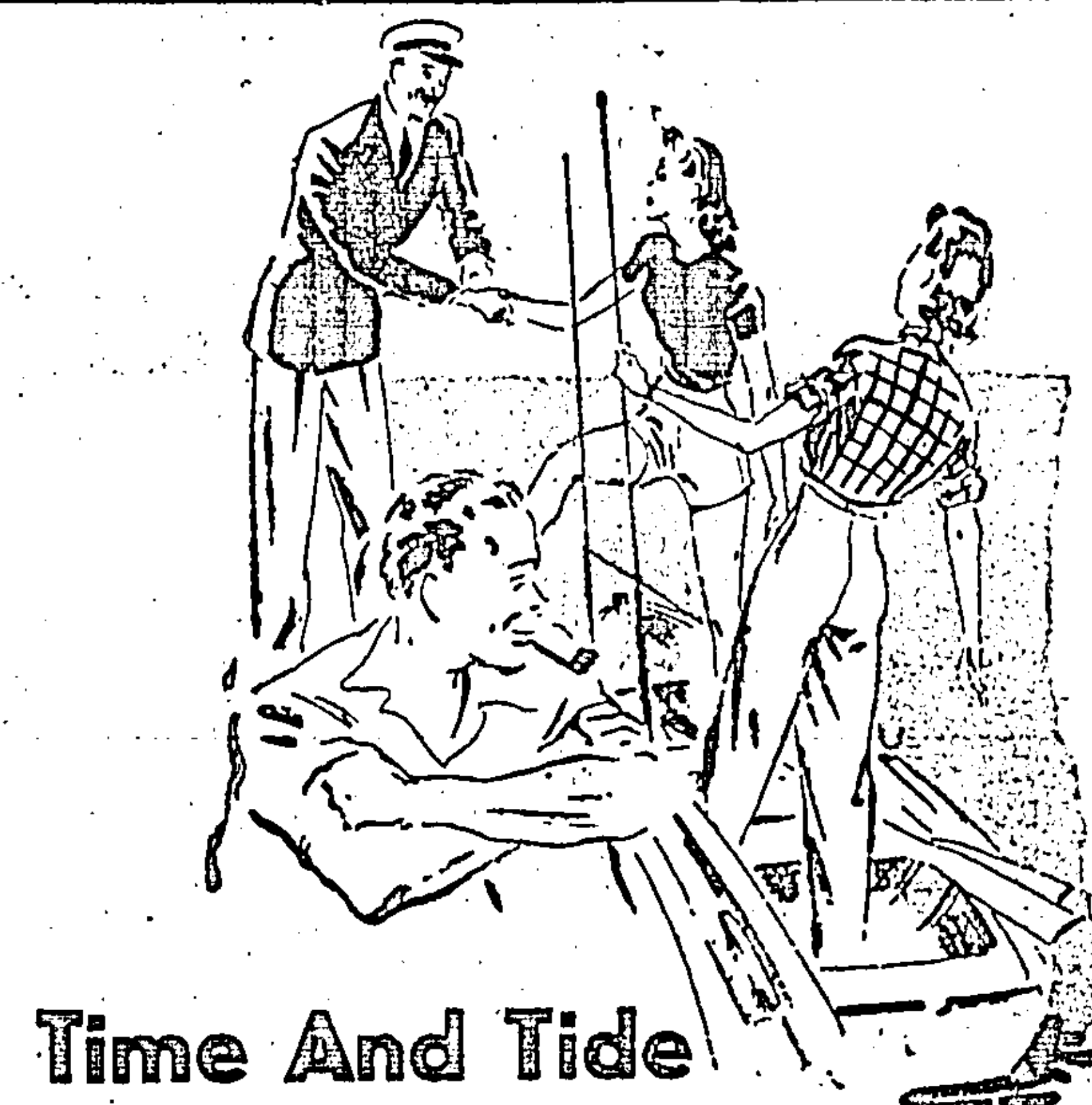
C.S.C.C.
First Division (v. P.R.C., home):—E. W. C. Simmonds, J. Hollidge, A. W. Grimmett and F. J. Jones (skip); M. E. Purvis, W. J. Burling, M. N. Rakusen and H. E. Strange (skip); J. Gelatly, J. W. Deakin, L. A. Collyer and J. F. McGowan (skip).
Second Division (v. H.K.C.C., away):—P. D. Crawley, H. Lord, H. F. Harper and C. Strange (skip); A. F. Shepherd, J. H. Wardle, E. Kirmon and W. R. Hillyer (skip); C. J. Walker, J. R. (Continued on Page 14)

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cunningly constructed rack. The Twins are quite firm about this gin and lime. They know it helps to keep those slender graceful figure lines which appeal to yachtsmen-like some shapely beauty from the ward of a master-builder. The yachting world bestows no higher praise. And never by any chance can there be the tiniest trace of a headache after Rose's, an important point for young ladies as popular as these unpunctual Twins.

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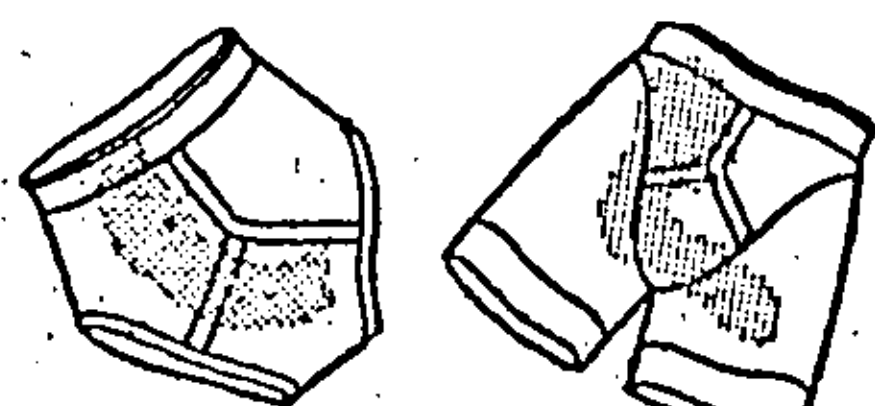
MR. PONG WING TONG,
Manager.



THE BOY stood on the burning dock
Whence all but he had fled,
He didn't feel the heat a speck,
"My Jockeys keep me cool," he said.

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Department Store

Joe Jacobs Was Great Fellow; Boxing World Is Very Sorry To Lose Him

"LITTLE MAN WITH BIG BRAIN" WAS A REAL CHARACTER

DAWN CAME OVER Manhattan in shoes of polished silver—curved delicately about the island's topless towers and slumped down into Broadway. Charwomen walked stiff-need toward the subway burrows—whistling men furnished brass door jams—garbage cans banged cheerily against their parent trucks.

Joe Jacobs looked down into the paling gulch. A 10-inch cigar was wedged into a corner of the trap-like mouth. An overcoat the colour of fresh butter was belted about him and his linen was starched perfection. Hat pulled down fore and aft, he scowled around the cigar.

"Why do guys sleep at all?" he asked.

That was the philosophy of the little man with the big brain. Why must guys sleep at all when there are so many things to do? He found out recently when darkness closed in on him for all time—when he really slept at last. So death came to Joe Jacobs, a game little rooster who clutched at the hours as they whisked past.

The greatest managers of our time were Joe Jacobs and James J. Johnston. Jack Kearns? No, Jack had one great fighter—a fellow named Jack Dempsey. He made a fortune with Dempsey, but any other capable director would have done that. Joe and Jimmy were touched with genius. They picked up fighters far below the sow's ear bracket and turned them into gold. And now Joe Jacobs is dead.

JOE WAS FULL OF WILL TO LIVE

You cannot say that he died as he would have wished to die, for fellows of his sort never wish to die. Life is too full of things yet unsavored. But he died typically—his pockets stuffed with crisp folding money and a heavyweight going for him in a big way. He died as the lights of Broadway fingered the dusk—as the night life began to stir.

For Joe was a Broadway guy—one of the few authentic Broadway guys. He knew everyone that mattered. Show girls, millionaires, gangsters, cops and politicians. He was a grand friend, a tough enemy—a man with an instinct for success. He made fortunes, but was always on credit. He was too lavish for anything else. Yes, he had one-way pockets, but the tide was ever on the end.

Jacobs' assaults upon the English tongue have become part of Broadway's curbstome patter. "We was robbed" came at the end of the second Sharky-Schmeling fight, and it was perfectly correct. One bleak October afternoon, Joe stood in a World Series press box at Detroit. The wind whizzed about his thin shanks.

"I should have stood in bed," he wailed.

Joe Jacobs was the first man to manage managers. Many an incompetent has signed a great fighter and then languished in the shadow of the eight ball. So Joe would step in—gracefully accept a modest 10 or 20 per cent. and put the fighter in what is generally known as the right spots. He had slices of many a champion, but his name was rarely connected with them. The figurehead received the credit while Joe contented himself with his 10 or 20 per cent. So everyone was happy.

Joe came out of Hell's Kitchen in New York and was far past voting age when he saw his first cow. Even then the sight did not impress him. He never liked the country, and secluded training camps bored him vastly. He would ride 200 miles—spend three hours in a Broadway hot spot and ride back to camp.

His lone concession to rural life was a beret with a two-inch visor. He felt that this placed him squarely in the centre of

Long Island's horsey set and he wore it with a flourish. Shoes with water-thin soles might have been a trifle out of place in the lake and mountain country of Upper New York, but you couldn't convince Joe.

JOE WAS GOOD PILOT

So far as his fighters were concerned, Joe was the perfect manager. He demanded the promoter's pound of flesh—and sliced it off or no fight. He had an eye for the unlikely timber of this life—fellows like Galento. Two-ton was washed up when Jacobs signed him. He had passed the main-event stage and wasn't too popular in the preliminaries. So Joe picked him up. He told him what to say and what to do. Galento's left hand became the Jersey Night Stick.

Joe pushed him—prodded him along, and for one delirious burst of fury, the fat misfit stormed the peak—blasted the world's champion to the floor. Without little Joe, Galento would be an obscure assistant bar-tender in Newark. Without little Joe, Max Schmeling might never have held the title.

On a June night long past, Der Max faced Jack Sharkey for the title. And Sharkey was at his well-drilled best. He speared the shambling German with a flicking left—battered him savagely. Schmeling was in tough shape.

"Pull inside that left and counter with your right," screamed Joey.

AND SCHMELING CRACKED HIS RIGHT

Schmeling pulled—he cracked his right sweetly to the button. Sharkey stopped in his tracks. Again Schmeling applied the

technique. Sharkey, straightened—then threw a shot well out of bounds. Max crumpled in agony and would have been counted out—except for little Joey. He pelted through the ropes screaming "FOUL" in tones which would have cut through oak boards. And he made it stick. Joe Jacobs acquired the sobriquet of "Yussel the Muscle" when he "muscled in" on Schmeling after Arthur Buelow, through Nat Fleisher, the Editor of The Ring Magazine, brought Herr Max to America.

Schmeling was naturally Joe's No. 1 bread-earner. Joe used to sit in his office above the Brass Rail restaurant—rocking in glee and tell long stories—most of them with flashing point. He put Der Max into Cleveland with Young Stribling. The title was at stake and someone wanted to attach the purse. So Joe took the German's end—it was better than \$200,000—and stored it in a suitcase. He carried the cash back to New York and trembled a bit along the way. For certain uncouth gangsters knew of the move and Joe expected a Thompson gun to speak out at every station.

The little manager made more than 20 trips to Europe, and the ship always left with a heavy cargo of champagne—docked in a state of drought. Joe called it society wine and filled every glass in sight.

An era closes down with Joe Jacobs, for Joe's Broadway was the Broadway which came before the long stalls of orange juice salesmen—the waffle shops and the flea circuses. The fight game wasn't his business. It was his life—a mad life which was a little soiled about the edges. But there was something deeply gallant about it—a brave joyousness which has gone away from the canyon which begins with river and ends in a graveyard.

EASTERN WIN AGAIN

(Special to "China Mail")

In a football game in aid of British and Chinese War charities at Ipoh yesterday, the Eastern touring team defeated a team from Perak state by 5 goals to 4.

A good crowd watched the game which was played at a fast pace. Eastern were leading at the interval by three clear goals scored by Hau Ching-to (2) and Hsu Man-fui.

Hau Ching-to scored two more goals for Eastern after the interval—Our Own Correspondent.

Eastern were represented by Lau Hin-hon, Ng Kee-cheong and John Chye, Lo Wai-kuen, Hsu King-seng and Tse Kam-hung; Cheong Yung-sum, Chang Kam-hoi, Lee Take-kee, Hsu Man-fui and Hau Ching-to.—Our Own Correspondent.

SPORTS CLUBS' WAR EFFORT

The meeting at the Sports Club yesterday to discuss means of further helping the Hong Kong War Effort Fund was attended by only representatives of six recreational clubs and these agreed to serve on the committee.

They were—Roy Lau (H.K. Softball Baseball Association), V. C. Labrum (Kowloon Cricket Club), P. S. Lee (South China Athletic Association), Jahan Dad (K.I.T.C.), Yim Cheuk-shan (C.R.C.), J. Revie (Kowloon Docks R.C.) and Kwok Hin-wang.

BOWLS TEAMS

(Continued from Page 13)

Carr, A. Steven and S. Eccleshall (skip).

K.C.C.

First Division (v. Recreio, "A", away):—A. W. Smith, G. Lee, W. Mulcahy and E. Kerr (skip); T. Madar, G. Moss, H. Overy and E. C. Fincher (skip); V. C. Labrum, J. W. M. Brown, J. Fraser and F. Godwin (skip).

Second Division (v. Talkoo, R.C., away):—C. J. Tatchell, R. B. Wellwood, A. W. Ramsey and T. W. Carr (skip); R. Leigh, G. Taylor, C. Champelovier and A. Spary (skip); W. Parsons, L. Jack, R. Marks and J. M. Jack (skip).

MIXED DOUBLES TENNIS OFF

All matches scheduled for to-day in Mixed Doubles Division of the Tennis League have been cancelled owing to the large-scale exodus of women.

If weather permits, Club de Recreation will play Kowloon Cricket Club in a "B" Division match.

C.A.A.F. TO PLAY IN S'PORE?

It is now contemplated by Hong Kong Chinese Amateur Athletic Federation to make a last effort to induce the six leading Chinese sports organisations to reconsider their resignations from the Federation through Dr. C. T. Wang, the former Chinese Ambassador to America, the "China Mail" learned last night.

The "China Mail" was also authoritatively informed that Mr. Aw Hui, the Vice-President of the Federation and the Chairman of "Sing Tao Jih Pao" Sports Club, and Mr. Tsu Hang, the well-known footballer, have now been appointed by the Federation to select a football team to represent the Federation in the games for the "Ho Ho" Cup in Singapore.

Although no date has yet been fixed for the forthcoming Singapore matches, it is generally hoped that the tour will be made as soon as word is received from Singapore.

SECOND SUMMER SINGLES AT HAPPY VALLEY

The following is the draw for the Royal Hong Kong Golf Club Happy Valley Second Summer Singles:—

FIRST ROUND:—W. S. Hillier (8) v. Hugh Smith (8); N. D. Booker (16) v. A. L. Landsbert (18); A. J. Dennis (18) v. H. N. Williamson (10); R. K. Collings (5) v. A. D. Humphreys (8); W. A. Stewart (9) v. Lieut. Carter (9); C. C. Stark (9) v. G. Davies (10); G. P. Stone (16) v. R. G. Parker (8); C. F. J. Simpson (14) v. F. C. Barry (9); G. E. Willerton (12) v. D. Humphreys (7); L. Jackson (12) v. W. Stoker (15); T. B. Low (11) v. W. V. Ahern (9); E. Greenwood (18) v. N. J. Booker (13); H. H. Mundy (8) v. J. W. Macdonald (7); J. Bowman (x) v. M. A. Cairns (18); W. R. Hillyer (15) v. G. T. May (13); K. S. Robertson (5) v. N. J. Bebbington (12).

GOLF STARTING TIMES

Following are Royal Hong Kong Golf Club starting times for Fanling:—

SUNDAY
Old Course
9.16 a.m. G. M. Park, S. L. Lloyd.
9.20 " M. Pollock, J. B. Harrison.
9.24 " F. W. Chandler, G. G. Aitkenhead.
9.28 " P. E. Annis, H. M. Rowland.
9.32 " S. H. Dodwell, I. H. Geare.
10.32 " J. P. Murphy, R. C. Gardner.
New Course
10.32 a.m. Col. Shackleton, Major Mackenzie.

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MIGHTY STRUGGLE BETWEEN U.S.S. TULSA AND U.S.S. ASHEVILLE

By "Strike"

IN these Jottings I have to report the welcome inclusion of two new members to our 200's Club. As I forecasted last week, Miss Nancy Ng has "been and gone, and done it again" by scoring exactly 200 last Saturday, and thus attaining the peak of her ambition which was to have the honour of becoming a member of this club.

Her effort was sound and her score sheet shows that she commenced with a spare on her first frame, then three strikes in a row on her second, third and fourth frames; a spare on her fifth frame; then a strike on her sixth and seventh frames, then she failed on her eighth and ninth frames to make a nine each frame; a spare on her tenth frame, and a seven with the extra ball.

Had she made a strike and a spare she would have beaten the ladies' record for a Ten Pins match in these Alleys of 222 shared between Mrs. Ismail and Miss Nancy Ng.

The other new member is H. T. McCulley, of U.S.S. Asheville, who bagged 211 last Sunday; he assures me that this is the highest score he has ever registered in the East although he has made more than this in America.

His score sheet shows that he commenced with a spare on his first, second and third frames; a strike on his fourth frame; a failure on his fifth frame, to make a nine; a spare on his sixth frame then four strikes in a row on his seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth frames and a spare with his two extra balls.

Good Match

There was a good 5-game Ten Pin match played last Saturday. It was an interesting one between the Asheville "Wise Guys" and Asheville "Razzers", and resulted in a win for the "Razzers" by 111 pins; the individual scores being as follows:—

"RAZZERS"		"WISE GUYS"	
	Total		Total
G. C. Merkel	876	C. J. Summers	817
V. V. Vining	831	E. P. Hollis	800
L. C. Garrett	760	O. Aasen	771
W. C. Cooley	689	E. L. Wood	657
	3156		3045

The scoring all-round was fair but I could not say that it was brilliant or even above the average.

Merkel for "Razzers", was the outstanding player of the match, he netted a good 876 or an average of 175 pins per game; his scoring was steady and consistent and in no game did he appear to be uncomfortable.

Vining also for "Razzers", had easily the second best score with 831 in his bag, or an average of 166 per game—which score proved to be of material assistance to his team.

Vining is getting better and better each time he bowls now, and can be depended upon to give a good account of himself.

Summers, of "Wise Guys", made a good 817 or an average of 163 pins per game, but I could not help thinking that he was not entirely comfortable on his second and third games. However, he came out of his lethargy on his fourth and fifth games to make good 180 and 190 scores.

Cooley for "Razzers", was much below his usual form and 689 does not represent his best effort; he can do and will do much better than this, I have little doubt.

There was only one 200 score registered throughout the match and this was put up by Vining for "Razzers" in his fifth game, when he secured exactly 200 pins.

As I have mentioned above the scores for both teams were "fair", the Razzers' average per man per game working out at 157.8 pins per player and the Wise Guys' at 152.2 pins per player.

Watts' Effort

It looked as if Hollis' score of 257, the best for this month, was going to be beaten on Monday by Watts of Royal Signals.

Watts bagged a brilliant 232, and should have had more, his score sheet showing that he started off with three strikes on his first three frames. He then had a "bad split" on his fourth frame to make a nine; a strike on his fifth frame; a spare on his sixth frame; the four strikes in a row on his seventh, eighth, ninth and

tenth frames, but only managed to make a nine with his two extra balls.

Had he made a strike on his fourth frame instead of the "split" (it was a strike ball by the way) he would have made 262.

"Needle" Match

Well at last we have had the pleasure of staging a Ten Pin match between our old favourites, Joe Harvey, and his "Asheville" line-up, and F. Spenko and his "Tulsa" men.

Ever since the Alleys were opened it was the ambition of the management to get these two veteran teams together, but owing to the fact that both ships were never in the harbour to-

gether, a match could not be arranged until recently, when both ships were here.

The match turned out to be all that was expected of it—a gigantic struggle between two of the best and finest teams we have ever had in Hong Kong, not only by Ten Pin bowling standards but also from the keen good sportsmanship and friendly rivalry that is always apparent when these teams are in action.

On this occasion the "Asheville" team won by the very close margin of 119 pins. I mentioned that was a close match because the following scores were particular high:—

"ASHEVILLE"		"TULSA"	
	Total		Total
Joe Harvey	894	F. Spenko	903
M. O. Gray	883	Pete Peterson	845
W. J. Balaski	824	A. A. Borg	812
C. G. Cuning	820	E. J. Moore	748
	3426		3308

F. Spenko, of Tulsa, was top scorer as usual with a good 903 in his bag, or an average of 181 pins per game. He bowled consistently well, his lowest score for the five games being 180, which he made on his fourth game.

Joe Harvey for Asheville, was very close behind for second highest score with a brilliant 894, or an average of 179 pins per game, his lowest score being 150 on his third game. Harvey is evidently back to his old form again.

Pete Peterson, as he usually does, put up a good score for his

side, notching 845 or 169 pins per game.

The average individual score per player per game for Asheville worked out at 171 pins per player, while the average per player for Tulsa was 165.

The Asheville's score of 3426 is not, however, the highest score for a 5-game match in these Alleys for on going through the records I find that there were three higher scores made previously, they were as follows:—

On July 20, 1939:	
Champs	3491
U.S.S. Gold Star	3244

January 23, 1940:	
U.S.S. Tulsa	3441
Champs	3260

May 3, 1940:	
Champs	3580
Alley Team	3095

The bowling all-round by both teams was of a particularly high standard, yet it is a surprising fact that there were only three scores of 200 throughout the match; Joe Harvey, for Asheville, bagging a good 212 on his first game, C. G. Cuning, of Asheville, getting 211 on his second game, and M. O. Gray, also for Asheville, registering 22 on his third game.

Spenko for Tulsa, almost reach-

ed 200 twice, he made 199 on his first game and 198 on his fifth game.

E. J. Moore for Tulsa, did not seem to be comfortable throughout the match probable due to the large number of "splits" he had throughout his game; his 748 or an average of 150 pins per game is not by any means the best he is capable of.

M. O. Gray for Asheville, must have been in a killing mood and certainly came back to his old form—his 888 was really good, his average per game working out at 178 pins. As I mentioned in my last week's "Jottings", however, it is beyond my comprehension how a player like Gray, who averaged for 4-games only 185 pins, should drop to a lowly 148 pins; had he made 185 instead of 148 his total pinnage would have been 925.

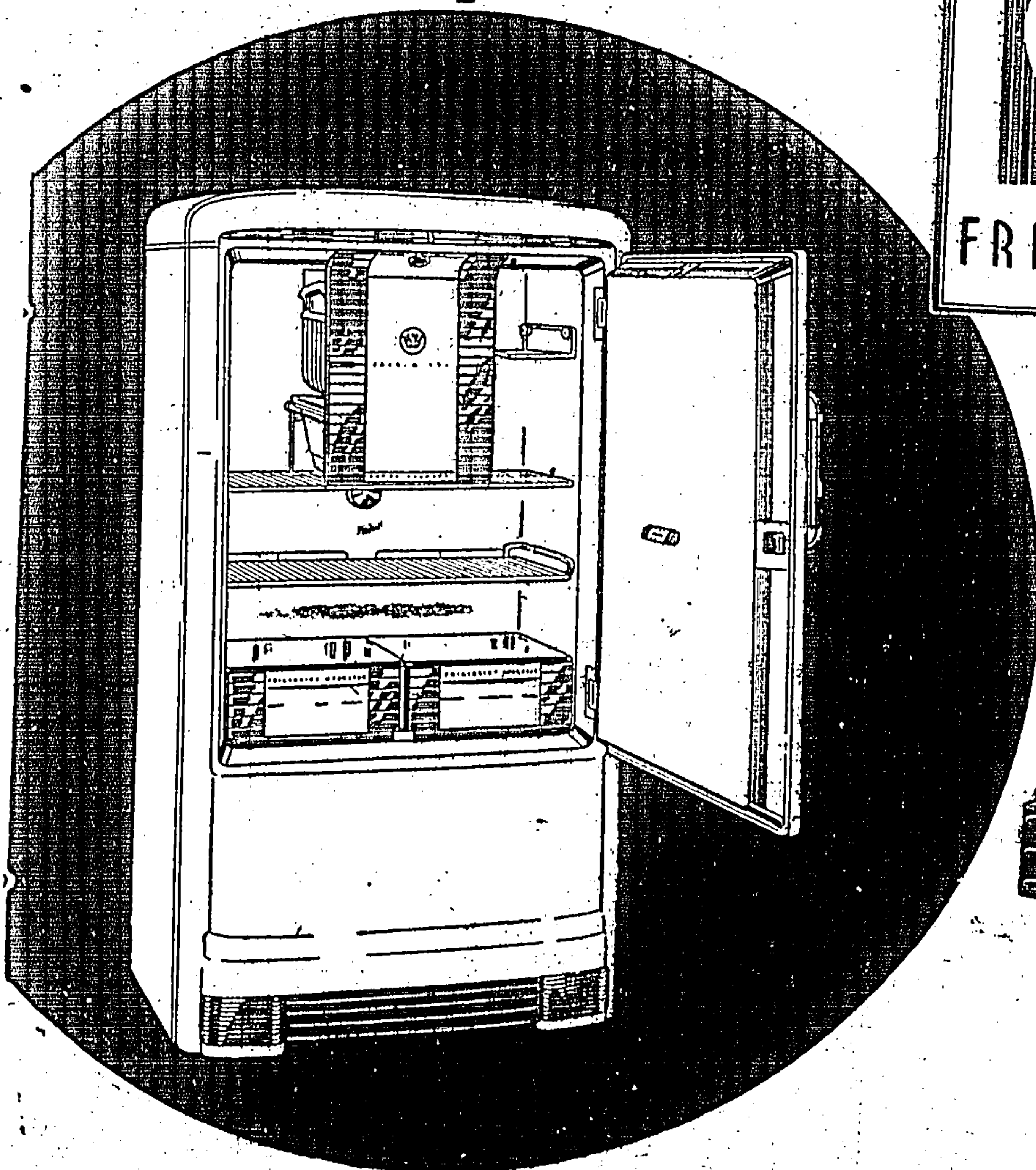
The match was a good one, and very tense during the closing stages not only among the players but among the large number of spectators present too.

Of course, it was inevitable that after a match of this kind a return match should be arranged, so a return game has been fixed for next Tuesday at 7.30 p.m., providing both ships will be in this Colony at that time, and all bowling fans can be assured of keenly contested game.

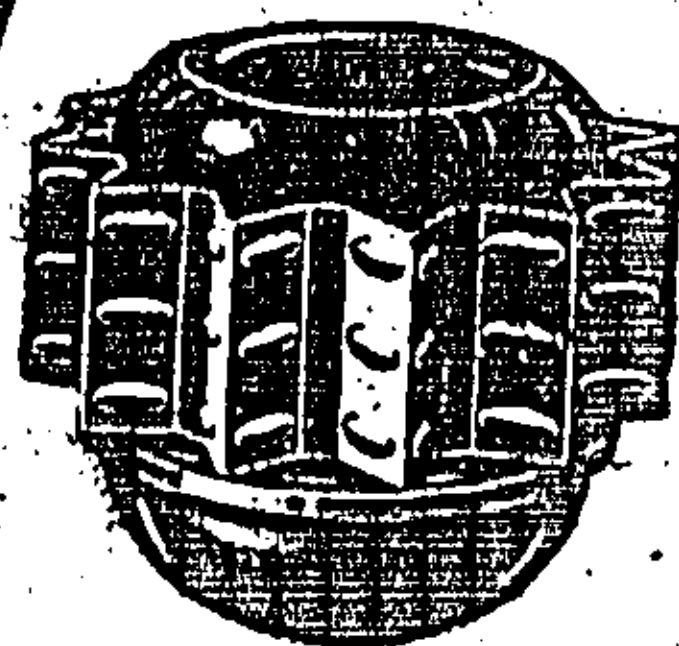
The position on the monthly record board up to writing these "Jottings" is as follows:—

TEN PINS	
Ladies: Miss Ruby Tang	200
Men: H. P. Hollis	257
DUCK PINS	
Men: J. Hodgson	129

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THIRD TERM PRESIDENT?

Mr. Harold Ickes, U.S. Secretary of Interior, announced in Washington last night he had not the slightest doubt President Roosevelt would run for a third term of office.—Reuter.

N.Y. POLICE GET BOMB JITTERS

New York Police Commissioner Valentine yesterday revealed that a number of bombs were found in Philadelphia last month while the Republican Convention was in session.

It was stated in another police quarter that seven bombs were found, some under construction, in a meeting hall frequented by Communists.

Commissioner Valentine stated the bomb outrage in the British Pavilion at the World's Fair recently was "just the beginning."

He foresaw the possibility of further bombings in New York due "to representatives of the belligerent nations that are here."—Reuter.

The attache to the Governor of Pennsylvania stated yesterday that one of the bombs found in Philadelphia was intended for the Governor and had been so inscribed.

He disclosed the Philadelphia bombs were of similar construction and timing to

80,000 EVACUATE FROM ALEXANDRIA Day And Night Reconnaissance By Italians

Some 80,000 people hitherto have evacuated from Alexandria where since Sunday enemy aircraft have been carrying out reconnaissances day and night.

The Governor has issued a notice that no siren warnings be given when enemy aircraft are at a high altitude far outside the danger area, even though anti-aircraft batteries are in action.

EVACUEES REACH SHANGHAI

A large number of refugees arrived in Shanghai yesterday from Hong Kong, according to a Reuter cable.

Most of the arrivals were Chinese, but a number of British women and children from Hong Kong were among them.

FRENCH CURRENCY WARNING

(Special to "China Mail") The special measures announced in London on June 22 to enable holders of French banknotes to exchange them for sterling, will soon be annulled. After July 18, facilities will be accorded only to persons with bank deposits in francs. They will be allowed to purchase £10 a week. These facilities will not apply to deposits held by business firms. —Havas.

portions of the bomb found after the explosion in the British Pavilion in the World's Fair at New York.—Reuter.

A recent Ministerial decree fixed certain localities in Alexandria as danger zones, where tenants terminate immediately contracts with landlords if they desire to evacuate.

Consideration is being given to declaring the whole city a danger zone.

Voluntary evacuation has been accelerated by each raid when the railway station has been crowded, extra trains run and carts piled high with furniture accompanied Egyptian families slowly wending their way from the city into the country.—Reuter.

ULSTER TO PURSUE WAR POLICY

Lord Craigavon, Premier of Northern Ireland, issued a statement in Belfast yesterday supplementing that made in Parliament in which he states:

"Eire's security can best be assured by taking one step that could make military co-operation effective — abandonment of neutrality and a declaration of full association with Britain and the Empire in waging war.

"Ulster has no intention of abandoning its war effort and seeking an illusory refuge in neutrality.

"It is not acting selfishly but in the highest interests of Eire and the United Kingdom. It will not be a party to exposing Britain's western flank to the enemy." —Reuter.

THREE CLIPPERS H.K.-BOUND

Three Clippers are to-day flying toward Hong Kong, the severe typhoon east of Manila having abated.

The China Clipper arrives in Manila to-day but will not continue on to Hong Kong as it is necessary for her to return immediately to San Francisco in preparation for future schedules. Mail, passengers, and air-express aboard the China Clipper will arrive in Hong Kong Sunday on the Philippine Clipper.

All airmail which had accumulated in Hong Kong since the departure of the last Clipper was forwarded to Manila on the President Taft where it will connect with the China Clipper which leaves Manila July 12.

The next Clipper departing from Hong Kong for Manila and San Francisco will be the Philippine Clipper leaving here on July 15.

The Honolulu Clipper will be close behind arriving in Hong Kong on July 16 and departing on July 17.

The prefix "Special to telegrams" is used by the "Sunday Herald" and "China Mail" to indicate news which is strictly copyright under the provisions of the Telecommunications Ordinance, 1936, and may not be reprinted under any circumstances, either wholly or in part, without prior arrangement.

NATURAL

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THE CHINA MAIL

FRIDAY SUPPLEMENT, HONG KONG, JULY 12, 1940



Dr. S. W. Tso (Chairman) seen giving his welcoming address at the annual prize day of St. Stephen's College, Stanley. His Excellency the Officer Administering the Government, the Hon. Mr. N. L. Smith (seated on Dr. Tso's left) distributed the awards. (Tong).



His Excellency the Officer Administering the Government, the Hon. Mr. N. L. Smith, distributing the awards to graduates of St. Stephen's College, Stanley, at last Saturday's annual Prize Day. (Tong).



Members of the W.A.A.F. "putting a kick" into their training. (Copyright, Fox Photos).



Leyton A.R.P. claim to have the tallest stretcher bearer in the A.R.P. services. He is Mr. W. Hobbs who is shown here with a fellow stretcher-bearer. He is 6 feet, 11 inches tall. (Copyright, Fox Photos).



Scene at the Supreme Court last Tuesday when some 1,600 more British subjects registered in the Government's evacuation scheme. Men over the age of 55, and under 18, were included, though it is not suggested that evacuation for these men is compulsory. (Tong).

Say what's your hurry?

"I'm going back for a
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Social Services In Britain

The manifold social services in Britain, supplied and maintained by the State out of the National Exchequer, have increased in number and scope during the last generation to an amazing degree. Many hundreds of million pounds sterling are expended annually out of taxation to provide them.

The legislature had one object in view in establishing them—the betterment of the working classes. This has been achieved to an extent which was scarcely dreamed of by the older members of the community, in their youth; and they have survived long enough to see them come into being and have also been able to watch their effects. It can be said, without fear of contradiction, that the lot of the working classes in Great Britain to-day is superior to that in any other civilised community in the world.

The first step forward in this movement, which has since been actively supported by every Government which has succeeded to office, was the National Health Insurance Act. This Act was promoted by the Right Honourable David Lloyd George and became law in 1911. It provides free medical attendance, medicines and necessary appliances, for every person in the United Kingdom who is employed and between the ages of 16 and 60. In addition, insured persons are allowed a weekly sum to assist in their maintenance during any period of incapacity due to ill-health. Perfect freedom of

choice of medical attendant also exists.

The Act has worked smoothly since its inception. Experience quickly showed its faults and shortcomings, its scope and usefulness have both been increased. Prior to its coming into force the majority of the poor in Great Britain had no hope of receiving adequate medical care, if unfortunate enough to fall sick. The old Friendly Societies which preceded the Act, and which were largely absorbed by it—only provided for a limited number of the provident poor who saw fit to join them as members. The provisions were also very inferior to those offered the Act. Moreover, the Act was compulsory and every worker was obliged to come under its authority.

The cost of its maintenance is met by a small weekly contribution deducted from the wage of the worker, a larger one from the employer and a State grant from the Exchequer.

In 1919, just after the Great War, a new government department was established, known as the Ministry of Health. It controls the administration of all the Health Acts, including the supervision of every Medical Officer of Health in the country. This control is decentralised and is locally vested in the Corporations, County Councils, and every urban and rural district council throughout the Kingdom. The costs are met out of the local rates, supplemented by an annual grant out of general taxation determined by the Ministry itself.

Each local authority is composed of members whose numbers vary according to the size of the population of the area they control. They are elected triennially by the adult population of the district. Every adult in Great Britain who has attained the age of 21 years is entitled to a vote in these local, and also in the Parliamentary Elections. In this

By
Dr. Percy Hall.

The writer of this authoritative survey is a well-known British physician who has had wide experience in the administration of medical social services, such as clinics.

manner is the completely democratic character of the British Government maintained.

The executive working of the various social services is performed by large numbers of various salaried officials, at the head of State endeavours to provide help

whom is a Medical Officer of Health. He has a staff of qualified medical men and women to assist him. Their activities include Maternity and Child Welfare, School Children, Tuberculosis, Epileptics and Feeble-Minded Children, Mental Hospitals, Hospitals for Fevers and Contagious Diseases, and clinic for Venereal Disorders. In seaports, which are numerous in an island country like Great Britain, they include a Port Medical Officer, who examines all incoming vessels so as to prevent disease being brought into the country.

Industrial Accidents, are provided for by the Workmen's Compensation Acts. Certain scheduled diseases common to certain trades are also provided for. The victims receive weekly financial grants sufficient to maintain them during their total period of incapacity, however, long it lasts.

When an insured person reaches the age of 65 he becomes entitled to an old age pension. If this, together with his savings, is insufficient to maintain him he can, by application to the right authority, have this pension supplemented by a further grant.

It will be seen from the mere enumeration of some of the various directions in which the State endeavours to provide help

than indicate the chief measures of social legislation which have been enacted during the last generation, but, from what has been stated, the immense care taken by successive governments in Great Britain will be realised. They have all been and are equally intent, no matter in what degree their policies may otherwise differ, in doing their utmost to safeguard the health and efficiency of the nation's population.



These youngsters thoroughly enjoyed the experience of riding on the Bren Gun Carrier when members of the London Irish Rifles were returning to "headquarters" at their Eastern Command depot.—(Copyright, Fox).



Production of Margarine to be rationed next week has increased 50 per cent. In the British Isles since the war started. Milk and Empire oils day and night (without ceasing work) are being made into margarine containing the full complement of vitamins "A & D". A visit to a margarine works in Essex, shows an endless chain of packing cases running through the Packing Department.—(Copyright, Fox).

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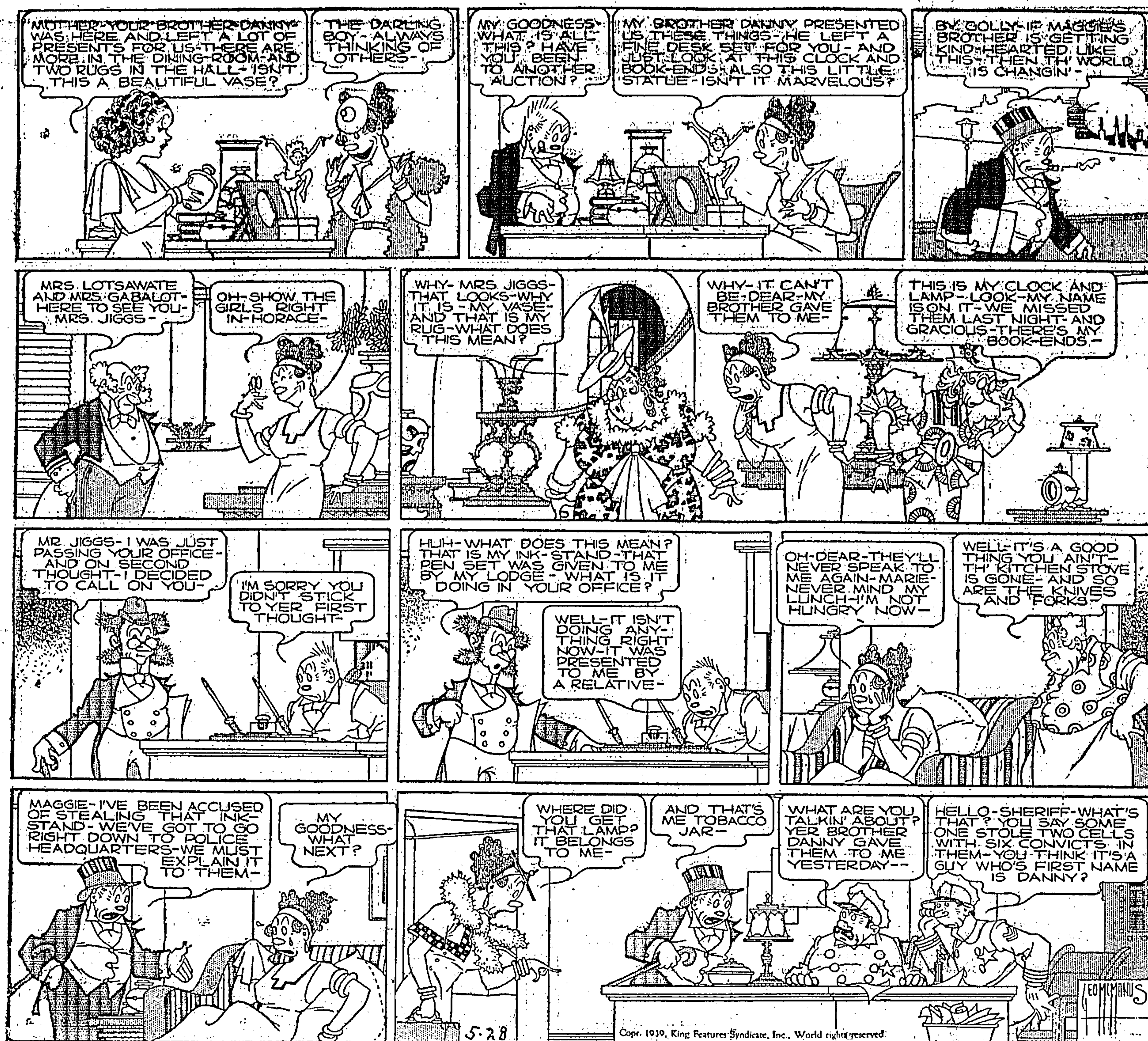
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SHORT STORY

STOOL PIGEON

By Captain A.O. Pollard

FELICITY MANNERS slammed work, he's a canker in the community. And lots more things I can't remember and don't want to say violence. It was really too bad of father to take up that ridiculous attitude. After all, it was her future that was being decided. Surely it was her right to have some say in the matter.

Her five and a half feet of slender maidenhood exuded defiance from every inch as she walked slowly down the steps of the old-fashioned Kensington house. The big young man standing by the sporting two-seater grinned sympathetically.

"Papa lively?" His comment was a statement of fact rather than a query.

Felicity took her place at the wheel without answering. Her cheeks were flushed. There was a slight frown on her forehead.

Tom Brinton settled himself comfortably at her side. He grinned again as she let in the clutch with a bang.

"What's the matter, Felix? What's he been jawing you about this time?"

Redvers Manners' attempts to introduce the same iron discipline into his home that he maintained in his office were well known. But even a successful City merchant sometimes fails when it comes to a question of controlling the actions of an only daughter of twenty-two.

Felicity jammed her gear lever into top.

"You, Tom. I'm not to see you again after to-day."

The unexpected announcement shook Tom from his habitual composure.

"Good Lord! Why ever not? I haven't done anything."

"That's just the point; you've never done anything. That's what dad complains about. He says you're an idle loafer, a good-for-nothing, a waster. That when a man reaches twenty-seven without having done an honest day's

matter very much, does it? What did your father have to say about it?"

"He said if you hadn't the brains to make any money in commerce, you might at least try to do something like the man in the paper."

Tom laughed heartily.

"I can just imagine him saying that. I suppose he thinks the man who rounded up the bolshies didn't have to use his brains at all. But we are rather getting away from the point. Why aren't you to see me again after to-day?"

Felicity did not answer immediately. Their way was impeded by a five-ton lorry, and she pretended to give all her attention to overtaking it. They were on their way to play a round of golf—up to now a weekly engagement. If her father maintained his present attitude this would be the last game they would have together.

"Father's decided I'm to marry someone more worthy of me than you are," she said when a clear road once again stretched before them.

"Who's the opposition candidate?" asked Tom.

"Don't be so vulgar, Tom. I'm not a general election. Father's selection is Percy Foster, his perfect secretary."

Tom uttered a cry of disgust.

"You can't possibly marry that blighter. He's an absolute worm."

Felicity had said much the same herself during her interview with her father. Now, stung by the contempt with which Tom spoke, she took up the cudgels on Foster's behalf.

"It's all very well for you to call him a worm. He's got a very much more important position in the world than you have, Tom. He does work for his living, and he is successful."

Tom was slightly piqued by her apparent change of front.

"Of course if you feel like that about it, there's no more to be said."

Their disagreement cast a shadow over the afternoon's game. Conversation became monosyllabic. Felicity felt utterly wretched. What a rotten way to end their splendid comradeship.

Tom's air of geniality left him when he parted with Felicity outside her house. He seemed in an instant to have become a man of action. Felicity's father might have revised his opinion had he seen him.

He drove at once to the Cosmopolitan Hotel. As he pushed open the swing doors he came face to face with a broad-shouldered red-faced man of some fifty years of age.

"Hello, Inspector, I was about to ring you up."

Detective Inspector Maynard nodded grimly.

"I'm glad to hear it, sir; I've been trying to locate you for the past two hours."

"I'm sorry to have caused so much trouble. I'd have been with you sooner only I've been playing golf."

"It's quite all right, sir, now I've found you. Let's go into the lounge and have a chat."

There was a mischievous expression on Tom's face as he sank into an easy chair in a quiet corner of the lounge. Inspector Maynard perched himself bolt upright by his side. The Inspector went straight to the point.

"Have you seen the evening papers, Mr. Brinton?"

Tom assumed an expression of innocence.

"No, Inspector, I can't say I have. Is there anything special in them?"

"There's something very special as far as you're concerned, sir. Some fool reporter's found out that you're dining in the restaurant here to-night with Lord somebody or other. Of course they don't mention your name. They say 'the hero of the bolshivist exposure'."

"Well, why shouldn't I?"

"Because, if you do, you'll probably never leave the table alive. I'd jolly well like to know how they came to print such a paragraph," he added indignantly.

"That's easily explained. I told them to."

"You told them to?"

The Inspector was startled. "Yes, but let me begin at the beginning and then you'll appreciate everything I've done at it's proper value. You remember when we arranged to round up that crowd of bolshies the other night we thought we should collar the lot?"

"We did arrest all we went after. No one could have foreseen that they'd have another man

on the way over."

Tom nodded agreement.

"You're right. Imagine my feelings after the careful arrangements I had made when the leader calmly announced that brother Bill, or whatever his name was, would be arriving from Moscow with special instructions on the following day. It was too late to do anything then. If I'd known earlier, I could have delayed springing the mine until I'd got 'em all safely in the net. Well, Inspector, I've been thinking a lot about brother Bill."

The Inspector looked gloomy.

"So've I, sir, but for the life of me I don't see how we're going to get him when we haven't the slightest idea who he is."

"All the same, I'm prepared to make a bet that we have him in our hands this very night."

"To-night? How do you mean?"

Tom sat up suddenly in his chair.

"This is where I want you to listen carefully, because I need your co-operation. I've worked it out like this. We haven't the slightest idea what brother Bill looks like. True. But don't forget that neither has he the slightest idea what I look like. All he knows is that there was a secret society of seven which he was to visit. The horrid police came down on them and carted them off to prison—that is, six of them. The seventh—me in other words—was an impostor who gave the show away. Put yourself in his place. What would your feelings be?"

"I should want to give that seventh bloke hell."

"Precisely. But you must first find out who he is. What would you do? Wouldn't you search the papers?"

"Yes. I suppose I should."

"And when you came across a nice little paragraph stating that the hero you were seeking was dining with a member of the peerage at a public restaurant, wouldn't you say to yourself, 'I'll go round there too. If I ask casually for Lord Hillbarton's table I'm bound to find out what the bird I'm seeking looks like.'"

The Inspector slapped his leg.

"Now I see what you're after. But who is Lord Hillbarton?"

"There isn't such a person. He's a fictitious character. I've booked a table in his name right in the centre of the room. You must have a man near the reception office to pass the word when a stranger enquires for him. Then we'll nab him."

The restaurant was beginning to fill when Tom took up an obtrusive position near the doorway, by eight o'clock it was crowded to capacity, the only unoccupied tables bearing a card which labelled them as reserved.

He had already discovered one of them had been ordered in the name of Redvers Manners, and when he presently entered accompanied by Felicity, Tom could not resist the impulse to pull his leg.

"Pardon me, sir. Do you wish to give your order now, or are you waiting for a friend?"

Felicity looked round with a start of surprise. A slow flush mounted to her forehead.

Redvers Manners smiled sarcastically.

"So you've found yourself a job," he sneered, assuming Tom to be employed as a maitre d'hotel.

Tom preserved an attitude of respectful deference.

"Yes sir, thank you, sir."

A real waiter approached him with a message.

"You are wanted in the office, Mr. Brinton."

Tom found Inspector Maynard interviewing a thin little man in spectacles who was trying to disguise a feeling of alarm behind a pose of indignation.

"Hello, Foster!" he greeted him.

"What are you doing here?"

"He was asking for Lord Hillbarton's table, sir," announced the Inspector sternly.

Tom with difficulty repressed a smile; what would Pa Manners say if his secretary was arrested.

"I was only trying to assist a foreigner who asked me a civil question," declared the aggrieved Foster.

"Where is this man, now?" snapped Tom.

"He's disappeared."

"Do you think you'd know him again?"

"Oh yes, I've an excellent memory for faces."

Tom reached an instant decision.

"Very well, Foster, I'll tell you what to do. If only Redvers Manners could have heard the tone of command in which he

spoke. "Go into the restaurant and join your party and if you catch sight of this foreigner again, come straight across and tell me. I shall be sitting quite close to you."

"What are you going to do?" asked Inspector Maynard curiously when Foster had departed.

Tom smiled serenely.

"I'm going to give him a chance to get me," he revealed grimly. "Once he exposes his hand, it's up to you."

The Inspector protested furiously.

"You can't do that, Mr. Brinton; it's utter madness."

"All the same I'm going to do it."

Tom threaded his way slowly through the crowded tables. Despite his air of nonchalance every sense was on the alert. Somewhere amidst this gaily chattering throng, a man was waiting, thirsting for his life.

One table in the centre of the room remained unoccupied. A card propped against the flower vase stated that it was 'Reserved for Lord Hillbarton.' Tom sank into the seat which a waiter pulled forward.

He lit a cigarette and looked idly about him. The Manners' party was three or four tables away on the left. Felicity had her back towards him her father on her left and Percy Foster on her right. Redvers Manners appeared to be monopolising the conversation. Tom wondered if he were the topic. Foster was listening intently but every now and again gave a furtive glance over his shoulder. So he had remembered the injunction to keep his eyes open.

A voice spoke in little more than a whisper immediately behind him. Tom stiffened involuntarily.

"Don't move your hands from the table; I have you covered."

Tom remained motionless. A middle-aged man in immaculate evening dress slid quietly into a chair by his side. He carried a silk handkerchief loosely in his right hand. Tom visualised the deadly weapon concealed beneath it.

"Allow me to introduce myself; I'm Lord Hillbarton." He chuckled grimly. "You didn't expect your fictitious character to come to life, did you?"

He spoke with only the faintest trace of a foreign accent.

Tom smiled mockingly.

"I did think you'd walk into my trap though; I offered to bet on it."

He might have been making dinner table conversation. Nevertheless his brain was working furiously. His position was desperate. The ironically smiling face before him hid an inflexible determination. Would Maynard tumble to the situation?

"It is you who is in the trap, not I. I have reversed the tables. I am going to kill you."

Tom felt an uncomfortable ache at the pit of his stomach. His heart was beating furiously. His mouth was dry. Even if Maynard saw a stranger at his table and acted, would he be in time? He shook his head.

"You can't do that here," he remonstrated. "Think of the mess you'd make. Besides you must realise you'd never get away."

The pseudo Lord Hillbarton glanced towards the waiter who had approached for their order.

"Bring two dry Martinis, waiter. We'll choose our dinner presently." He turned back to Tom. "I've been in worse situations than this and got away before now. Despite the police who, I feel sure, are waiting for me at the exits, I've every confidence that my plans for escape will be successful."

He spoke with such confidence that Tom almost gave way to despair. When would his adversary press the trigger? What would it feel like? He thought whimsically of Redvers Manners, surprise when he learned of the job he was really engaged on. Poor Felicity! He supposed she would marry that worm Foster after all. It was horrid to lose her.

An idea to gain time occurred to him.

"I hope you will have the courtesy to postpone the execution until I've had my cocktail. It might give me an appetite for the next world."

Tom hoped he showed no outward signs of fear. His fingers drummed idly on the tablecloth in front of him. He dared not attempt a rush. There were too many people around. He could not risk some innocent person being

(Continued on Page 5)

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

In Dispraise Of Stalin A New Career For George Arliss

Stalin: Czar of All the Russias, by Eugene Lyons. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$2.50.
Stalin's Russia and the Crisis in Socialism, by Max Eastman. New York: Norton. \$2.50.

IN 1917, in the early days of the Russian Revolution, the New York Call, Socialist daily, had a good deal of editorial fun with a dispatch from Petrograd which reported that 10,000 returned Russians from the East Side of New York had spread an unfavourable impression of America among their countrymen. Supposing this is true, chortled the Call. Isn't it suggestive that all the 10,000 should have left America with an unfavourable impression? Doesn't it show that all is not for the best in the American-capitalist world?

There was probably some cause for American self-questioning and self-criticism in the Call's challenge. And I think there is also food for reflection in the extremely high percentage of radical and liberal sympathisers with Russian bolshevism who, after intimate contact with Soviet realities, have become bitter and uncompromising critics of Stalinite communism.

The authors of both the present books belong in this category. Eugene Lyons, on the basis of six years of journalistic experience in Moscow, went through a process of disillusionment which he described very eloquently in his "Assignment in Utopia." Max Eastman was an outstanding Communist intellectual in the first years of the Russian Revolution. Of the two books now under consideration, that of Mr. Lyons is more vivid, that of Mr. Eastman more thoughtful. Stalin is not an easy subject for a biographer. Since his rise to power he has been the object of a vast amount of adulation. But a despot—and this is what Stalin is—can never be in his own country the subject of a balanced and critical study. He is sure that Stalinism is wrong; authentic biographical material is he is not so positive as to what scarce Stalin has been most reticent in giving the world any glimpse of his inner personality. He has never written a statement of personal philosophy comparable with "Mein Kampf," nor has he talked and written with the fluency and frequency of Mussolini.

Confronted with these difficulties, Mr. Lyons has succeeded quite well with his objective of "presenting one of the most significant and influential figures of our time in a simple, unacademic treatment." He is able to draw on the personal impressions, the remembered anecdotes of his journalistic career in Moscow, and he is able to give his readers one of the rare bits of first-hand contact

The author starts on the right note when he entitles his first chapter "Asiatic Despot." Stalin is fundamentally an Asiatic in race and, what is still more important, in background and temperament. Whether he imparted to the Soviet state its pronouncedly Asiatic character, or whether the course of the Revolution inevitably brought to leadership a man with an Asiatic rather than a European background, is a matter of opinion. The most important known episodes in Stalin's life are vividly told and the author makes a sound point when he observes that Stalin's systematic destruction of the more capable and independent personalities in the Communist Party has created an immense, perhaps an unprecedented vacuum, with a consequent prospect of leaderless chaos in the event of a collapse of Stalin's personal rule. There is no better popular story of Stalin's life in the English language.

Max Eastman, as he tells us, came away from a visit to Russia in 1924 already doubtful as to the validity of Marxist theory, but convinced that Lenin had done a magnificent piece of "revolutionary engineering." Now he includes the Leninist method with the Marxist theory in his condemnation and, regarding Stalinism as one of the most monstrous forms of tyranny ever created, he also takes issue with Trotsky's alleged revolutionary criticism of Stalin.

The author carries on a spirited, polemic with the "totalitarian liberals" who excuse or condone been the object of a vast amount of adulation. But a despot—and this is what Stalin is—can never be in his own country the subject of a balanced and critical study. He is sure that Stalinism is wrong; authentic biographical material is he is not so positive as to what scarce Stalin has been most reticent in giving the world any glimpse of his inner personality. He has never written a statement of personal philosophy comparable with "Mein Kampf," nor has he talked and written with the fluency and frequency of Mussolini.

STOOL PIGEON

(Continued from Page 4)

The stranger laughed harshly. "You wish to put it off? What is the use? Even were I surrounded by your police I should send you before me. No, my friend, I will be merciful and put you out of your agony. This pistol is fitted with a silencer. It will make only a small plop. By the time our neighbours realise that all is not well with you, I shall be half way towards one of the exits. Are you ready for your medicine? I shall count three and then pull the trigger. One!"

Tom set his teeth. If this was the end he would not flinch. "Two!"

A patter of footsteps. Someone walking quickly. Ah! the waiter returning with the cocktails. Tom felt an impulse to laugh. Wouldn't the waiter get a shock when he offered a cocktail to a dead man.

"Three!"

Tom saw his enemy's face harden. Simultaneously a hand seized his wrist from behind. A muffled plop!

Tom hurled himself across the table with a yell. Reaction from the strain of the last few minutes increased his strength. He took his enemy by the throat. They went down with a crash.

Inspector Maynard and two of his men came running. Tom rose panting from the motionless figure on the ground. He turned to a thin man in spectacles who was looking rather bewildered.

"Well played, Foster; you were in the nick of time."

sporting two-seater. The journey was short, but their leave-taking was protracted.

"I feel rather a beast for being so tremendously happy when I think of poor Percy Foster," sighed Felicity with her head on her friend's shoulder. "I shouldn't have you now if it hadn't been for him."

The thought made her clutch him more tightly. "I'll certainly never call him a worm again," declared Tom. "Very few people would have had the inspiration to realise that brother Bill was holding me up with a pistol. Fewer still would have had the sense to catch his wrist."

"Father thought he was mad when he dashed off from our table," laughed Felicity. "He's awfully bucked about it all now, though. He'll talk about the Secret Service for years."

"What did he say about us?" asked Tom. "You weren't to see me again after to-day, you know."

"That was only because he thought you hadn't a job. Everything's all right again now. You're the cat's whiskers."

"If it was only the fact of me having a job which made him alter his mind, I'm afraid he'll be disappointed again. You see, darling, I was only of use to the Secret Service so long as my identity was undiscovered. My employment in that quarter is finished."

Felicia raised her lips to his. "Then you'd better marry me at once and I'll give you the biggest job of your life."

WHAT'S this? Another career for George Arliss? After 30 years or more on the stage, then 10 years in the "movietones," he now bursts forth as the Charles Lamb of his profession. Chapter two simply crackles with the fun that Mr. Arliss can provide when he lets himself go.

He is describing the dusty office of his London solicitor, Mr. Mote. Mr. Mote, however, no doubt emerged at the end of the day from his nest of clutter with no suspicion of smudge on elbow or nose. He had a mind so orderly that there was no need of keeping his papers neatly stacked. Mr. Arliss pictures him withstanding the wiles of a lawyer and business agent from New York, writing his own 25-page version of a film contract instead of theirs, wearing them to helpless acquiescence by reading every word of that contract to them while luncheon time went by unnoticed, and then, to their distress, teatime. Finally they signed when faced with the threat of an ignored dinner. Through it all Mr. Mote waxed in strength and flavor and at the end "rose from his seat with

the freshness of a young man who had just had a shave and a haircut. . . . And we three men tottered out with stiff eyes and necks and a feeling of strangeness with the outside world."

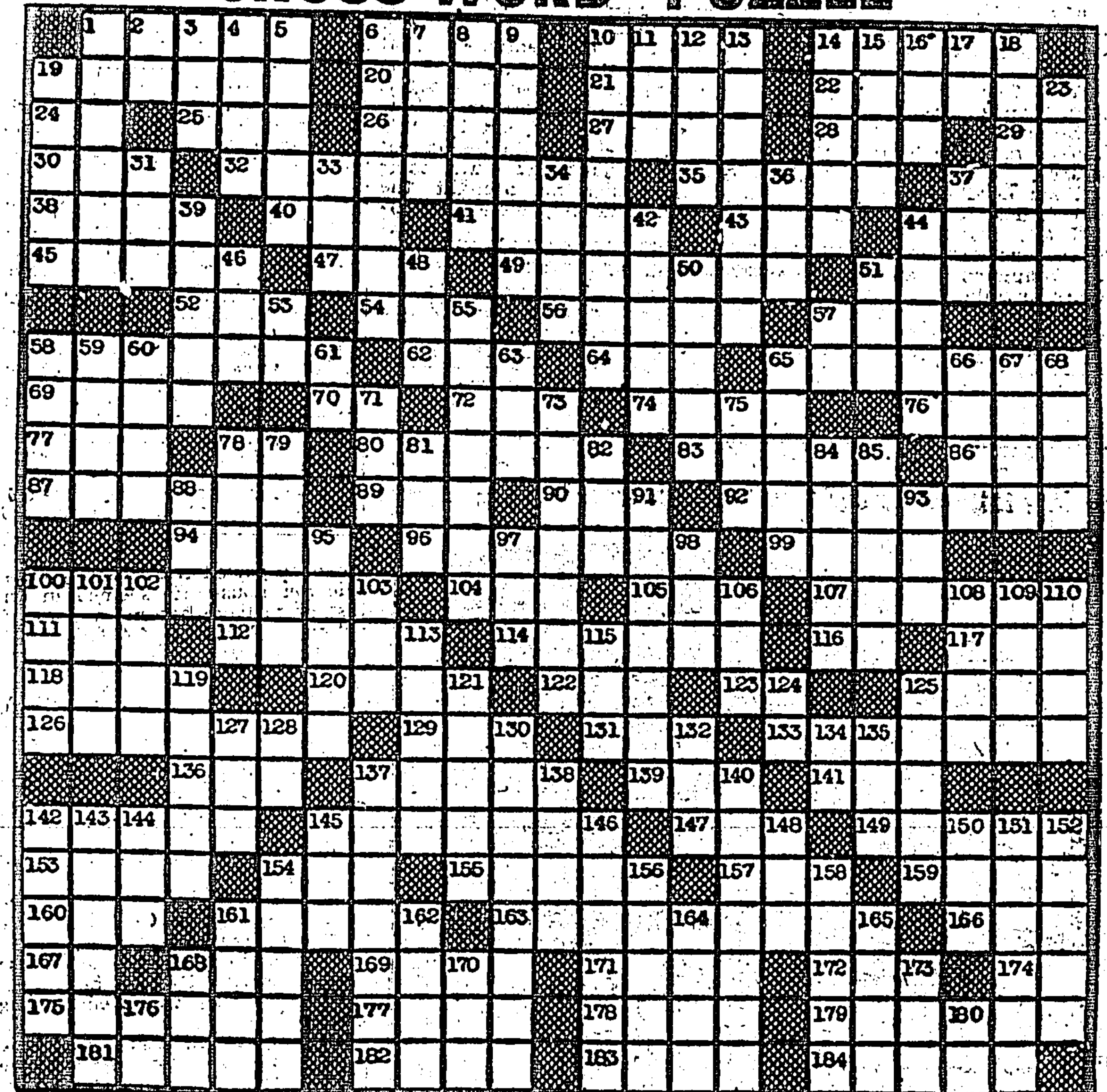
As if it were not enough to have penned something that will surely be in future collections of "Selected Readings From the Best Twentieth-Century Writers," Mr. Arliss cuts loose again near the close of the book and describes his adventures in Westminster Abbey at the Coronation of King George and Queen Elizabeth. Thoughtfully, Mrs. Arliss had fortified him against the all-day ordeal with a generous bundle of sandwiches, which she neatly made fast within the hood of his cloak by means of a large safety pin. All went swimmingly until, during one of those periods when the audience stood, those precious sandwiches (bread and cheese, or bread and eggs liberally enveloped in mayonnaise?) slipped from their waxed paper fastness and landed full upon the seat temporarily unoccupied by a very large gentleman two-rows below. Heroically, Mr. Arliss rescued those

sandwiches in the nick of time. His guilty secret having been discovered by the gentlemen sitting on either side of him, he shared with them probably the only sandwiches that were in the Abbey that day.

So Mr. Arliss's book is in itself a sort of sandwich. Between the covers of these two literary tidbits he stows away pleasant and instructive reminiscences of his screen work in America and England.

Mr. Arliss says the great difficulty of his career has been to find the right story. He thinks that Hollywood spends a great deal of money for "production value" in films that the public cares for not at all as a substitute for a good story. He enjoys film acting because there is no audience to make him uneasy; yet, he admits, it is from the reactions of the audience that the stage player learns his business. He has the warmest praise for the Hollywood executives, with their varied talents, and for the studio writers and technicians. Keen is his appreciation of the ability of the players who have worked with him, particularly Bette Davis.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



1 Person of mixed blood
6 Parent
10 Menu
14 Leaf of a calyx
19 Answer
20 Sea in Russian
21 Butter substitute
22 Noise
24 Paid notice
25 To disfigure
26 Stream
27 Slang: a light
28 To lubricate
29 Symbol for calcium
30 European fish
32 Caged passage
35 Fastens
37 Burmese demon
38 Thin
40 To test
41 Fable-maker
43 Poetic: Hindustan
44 Facts
45 Weird
47 Bitter vetch
49 Natives of a Pacific island
51 To revolt
52 Vessel's curved planking
54 To weaken
56 Recupulates
57 To sing
58 Withdraws

62 Cry of a dove
64 Prefix: new
65 Workman
69 Sandarac tree
70 Butterfly
72 Nahoor sheep
74 Dusk
76 Swelling
77 Exploding noise
78 Printer's measure
80 Powerful
83 To expunge
86 Moslem title
87 Poisonous fly
89 Shade tree
90 Label
92 To utter with breathing
94 Kept bow on to the sea
96 Term of affection
99 Unplowed strip of land
100 Universities
104 Born
105 Rowing implement
107 Wasteland
111 Japanese sash
112 Harvests
114 Music: speedily
116 Tautonic dely
117 Card game
118 Metal thread
120 Hindu peasant
122 Signal for help

123 Greek letter
125 To border
126 To set in position
129 Youth
131 Hard-shelled fruit
133 Bishop
136 Vase
137 Tapestry
139 Body of water
141 Moslem name
142 Obsession
145 Takes into custody
147 Abstract being
149 To put off
153 Man's name
154 Part of "to be"
155 Spot
157 Faucet
159 One of Columbus's ships
160 To yield
161 Fastener
163 One who loves work
166 Insect
167 Earth goddess
168 High priest
169 Municipality
171 River in Africa
172 High note
174 Concerning
175 Beginning
177 Burden
178 Ancient alloy
179 Passage-ways
181 Inclination
182 Is mistaken
183 Meadows
184 Seizes

1 To interfere
2 French conjunction
3 Male cat
4 Mesopotamia
5 Supporting bar
6 Persecutes
7 Solo
8 Island in the Mediterranean
9 Confederates
10 Surname
11 Completely
12 Bridle strap
13 Landed properties
14 To chide
15 Ancient European country
16 Friend
17 Part of "to be"
18 To establish
19 To elevate
23 Amount on which rates are assessed
31 Norse goddess
33 Crude metal
34 Sinuous ridges
36 Corners
37 To catch
39 Skiff
42 Attitudes
44 Devil
46 Finish

48 Pouch
50 To expiate
51 To polish
53 Archaic article
55 Letter carrier
57 Interjection
58 Absorbed
59 God of love
60 Cloak
61 Note of scale
63 Unit
65 Three of a kind
66 Genus of shrubs
67 To redact
68 To interpret
71 Poetic: to unclose
73 Horns
75 Period of time
78 Ether
79 To unite
81 Aged
82 Indo-Chinese language
84 Digging implement
85 Sea-duck
88 Hindu cymbals
91 Capital of Crete
93 Law: things
95 To long
97 Corded fabric
98 Ship channel
100 Intimidates
101 Death notice
102 Italian coin
103 Informer
106 Gypsy
108 Island of Navolcon's exile
109 To defeat utterly

110 To carry
113 Pertaining to the sun
115 Vast age
119 Pocket-books
121 Blinds
124 Preposition
125 Foreign
127 War god
128 Preposition
130 Inflates
132 Mound
134 Sun god
135 Archaisms
137 Bar supported by four divergent legs
138 Asterisk
140 Musical compositions
142 Tropical fruit
143 Mohammedan governors
144 Negative
145 Constellation
146 Conspicuous
148 Monkey
150 Falsehood
151 Comes into operation
152 Rants
154 To place in rows
156 Din
161 To shear
162 Needy
164 Entreaty
165 Lamb's pen-name
168 The self
170 Strike
173 To request
176 Italian article
180 French article

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TO-DAY'S WIRELESS

12.15 p.m.—Short Service of Intercession.

12.30 p.m.—Mozart—Quartet in F Major. The Budapest String Quartet.

12.56 p.m.—Wanda Landowska (Piano) playing Mozart's Fantasia in D Minor.

1.00 p.m.—Local Time Signal and Weather Report.

1.03 p.m.—Concert Waltzes by the Russian Novelty Orchestra.

1.15 p.m.—Selections from Light Opera.

1.30 p.m.—Reuter & Rugby Press, Weather Forecast and Announcements.

1.45 p.m.—Greta Keller (Vocal) and Duke Ellington and His Orchestra.

2.15 p.m.—Close down.

6.00 p.m.—Liszt—Les Preludes—Symphonic Poem. London Symphony conducted by Albert Coates.

6.15 p.m.—Closing Local Stock Quotations.

6.17 p.m.—A Programme of New Dance Music.

7.02 p.m.—B.B.C. Recording—"A Shanty Party from the Gravesend Pilots". With a Broadcast commentary by Mr. Cecil Madden.

7.30 p.m.—London Relay—The News.

8.00 p.m.—Local Time Signal, Weather Report and Announcements.

8.03 p.m.—A Programme of Spanish Music.

Spanish Dance (Granados, arr. Casals); Vito (Spanish Dance, Op. 54, No. 5—Popper) Pablo Casals ('Cello) with Piano.

La Cumparsita; Confesion Tito Schipa (Tenor) with Orchestra.

Oracion Del Torero (Turina) Gordon String Quartet.

Princesita (Padilla); Granadinas (Barrera) Tito Schipa (Tenor) with Orchestra.

Sevilla (Albeniz) Arthur Rubinstein (Piano).

Tangos—Elegante Papirusa; Mallinconfia Bernardo Alemany & His Orchestra.

8.40 p.m.—Short Variety Programme.

Vocal—Indian Summer (Herbert); A Kiss in the Dark (film 'The Great Victor Herbert') Webster Booth with Orchestra.

Vocal—The Honourable Mr. So and So (Copolow); Falling in Love with Lone (from 'Up and doing') Frances Langford (Vocal) with Orchestra.

Vocal—Ducts—Arm in Arm (Church); Alive, Alive-O! (O'Brien) Al and Bob Harvey with Orchestra.

9.00 p.m.—London Relay—The News.

9.30 p.m.—London Relay—"World Affairs".

9.45 p.m.—William Mengelberg and His Concertgebouw Orchestra.

Euryanthe—Overture (Weber); "Damnation of Faust" (Berlioz) Les Sylphes.

Hungarian March.

10.02 p.m.—Verdi's "Rigoletto" Act 1.

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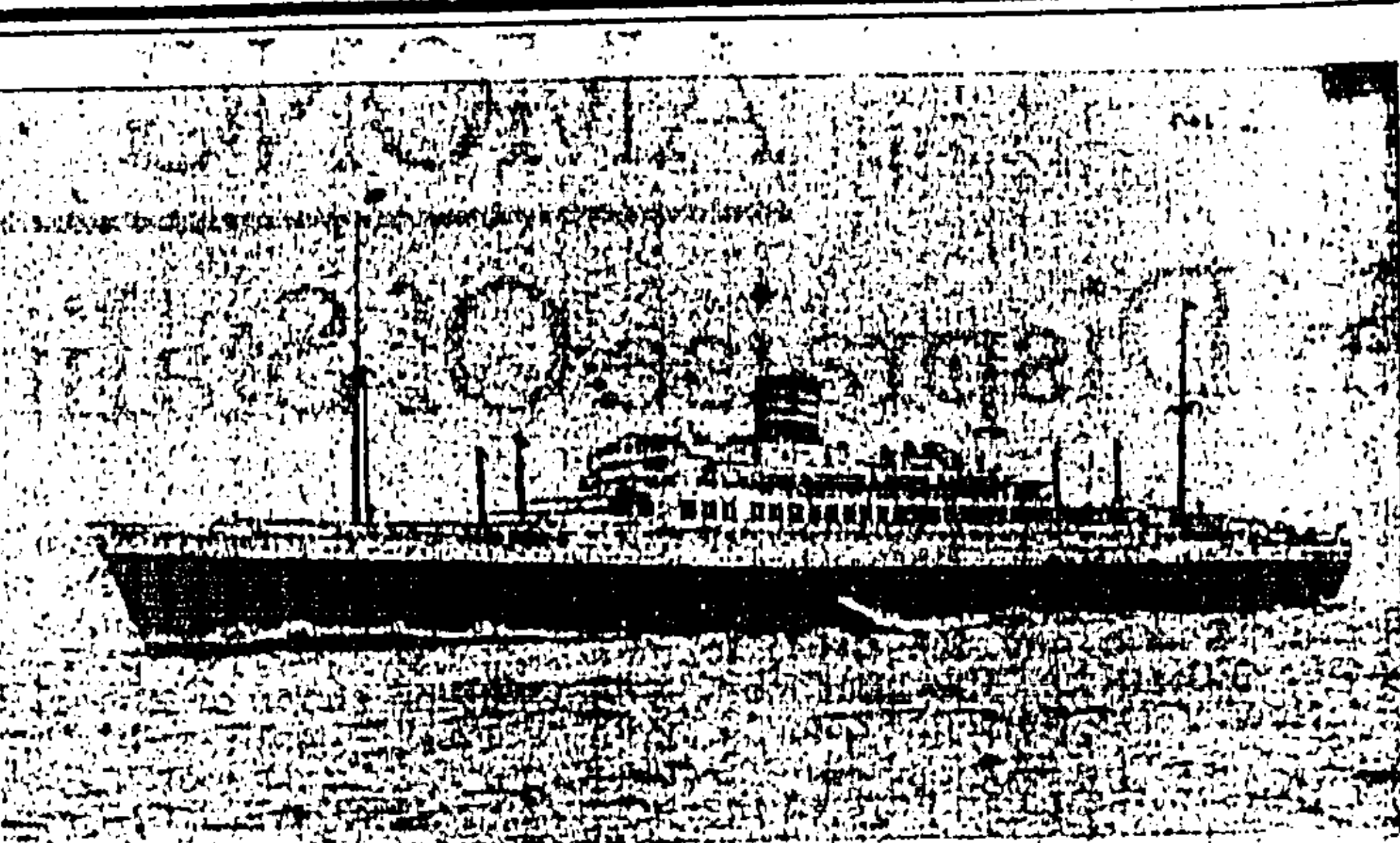
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INDIA'S CLAIM TO INDEPENDENCE

Gandhi's Plan For A Settlement Not Asking For A Blank Cheque

MR. GANDHI has now expressed his anxiety to reach an honourable settlement with Britain and his willingness to reserve the problems of defence. British commercial interests in India, and the Princes for separate and prior agreements between representatives of the two countries.

Congress quarters consider that this should nullify the argument that the conceding of self-determination would amount to a blank cheque.

Meanwhile Hindu-Moslem relations are likely to move towards a new plane as a result of the independent Moslems' conference held in Delhi.

The conference questioned the Moslem League's right to represent all Moslems and condemned its scheme for dividing India into Hindu and Moslem States as financially impracticable and politically unwise.

A permanent committee representing seven Moslem organisations is being formed to draft safeguards for the Moslem community that will be submitted to Congress for acceptance. The committee will also try to persuade the Moslems as a whole to support the demand for national unity and independence.

MR. GANDHI'S ADDRESS TO CONGRESS

At the Ramgarh Congress Mr. Gandhi made a remarkable speech, from which we give the following extracts:

I do not see at the present moment conditions propitious for an immediate launching of the cam-

into power. Those who therefore I will tell them that the Koran never before thought of entering makes no distinction between the the Congress have come into it and Hindus and the Moslems. But if they feel that they should have the Heaven without the Hindus I will not grudge it to them.

I have no ill-will towards Englishmen. When I heard that Lord Zetland was wounded my heart was wounded. That is my temperament. I therefore always work with and for goodwill for them. That I want to destroy British Imperialism is another matter, but I want to do so by converting those who are associated with it.

You must therefore understand that you have to deal with a dangerous man who will land you in unexpected situations. Compromise is a part and parcel of my nature. I will go to the Viceroy fifty times if I feel like it. I went to Lord Reading whilst non-cooperation was going on. I would not only go to the Viceroy when invited, but I would even seek opportunities to go to him, if necessary. You must know that if I do so I do it in order to strengthen our cause and not weaken it.

Let me tell you that there is no civil disobedience until I feel that you are ready. You have therefore to purify every Congress Committee and make it a Satyagrahi unit. To that extent it will have to cease to be a democracy, because my word will be law. But if it does not become such a unit millions of our dumb countrymen will be sacrificed. None of my campaigns has crushed or ruined the masses. They have increased their stature, and it is in order to take it still higher that I want to live. There was in the earlier campaigns enough of violence of thought and word, but there was non-violence in act, and therefore the masses were saved.

One last word before I close. I do not want to stand in the way of those who want to fight at once. But if they have any sense of honour I should advise them to do so after getting out of the Congress. Let me assure them that, if they put up a non-violent fight and carry it through, I shall follow their lead.

Of course it is open to them to remain in the Congress and to defy it, but it will not be Satyagraha. Those who are impatient to-day do not know the power of Satyagraha. Mr. Gandhi has described his doctrine of Satyagraha as meaning "vindication of truth, not by infliction of suffering on the opponent, but on one's own self."

When Daniel disregarded the laws of the Medes and Persians which offended his conscience, and meekly suffered the punishment for his disobedience, he offered, Satyagraha in its purest form.

MOSLEM AGREEMENT ESSENTIAL

We are all brothers—even the Quaed-e-Azam (Mr. Jinnah) is my brother. I have meant all that I have said about him, never has a frivolous word escaped my lips, and I say that I want to win him over. A speaker said that I would not fight until I had won him over, and he was right. There was a time when there was not a Moslem whose confidence I did not enjoy. To-day I have forfeited that confidence and most of the Urdu press pours abuse on me. But I am not sorry for it. It only confirms me in my belief that there is no Swaraj without a settlement with the Moslems.

You will perhaps ask, in that case, why am I talking of a fight. I do so in order to have a Constituent Assembly which means agreement and settlement. But if the Moslems will have nothing to do with it I shall understand that there is no settlement. I am also a reader of the Koran like them, and

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By EDWIN ALGER



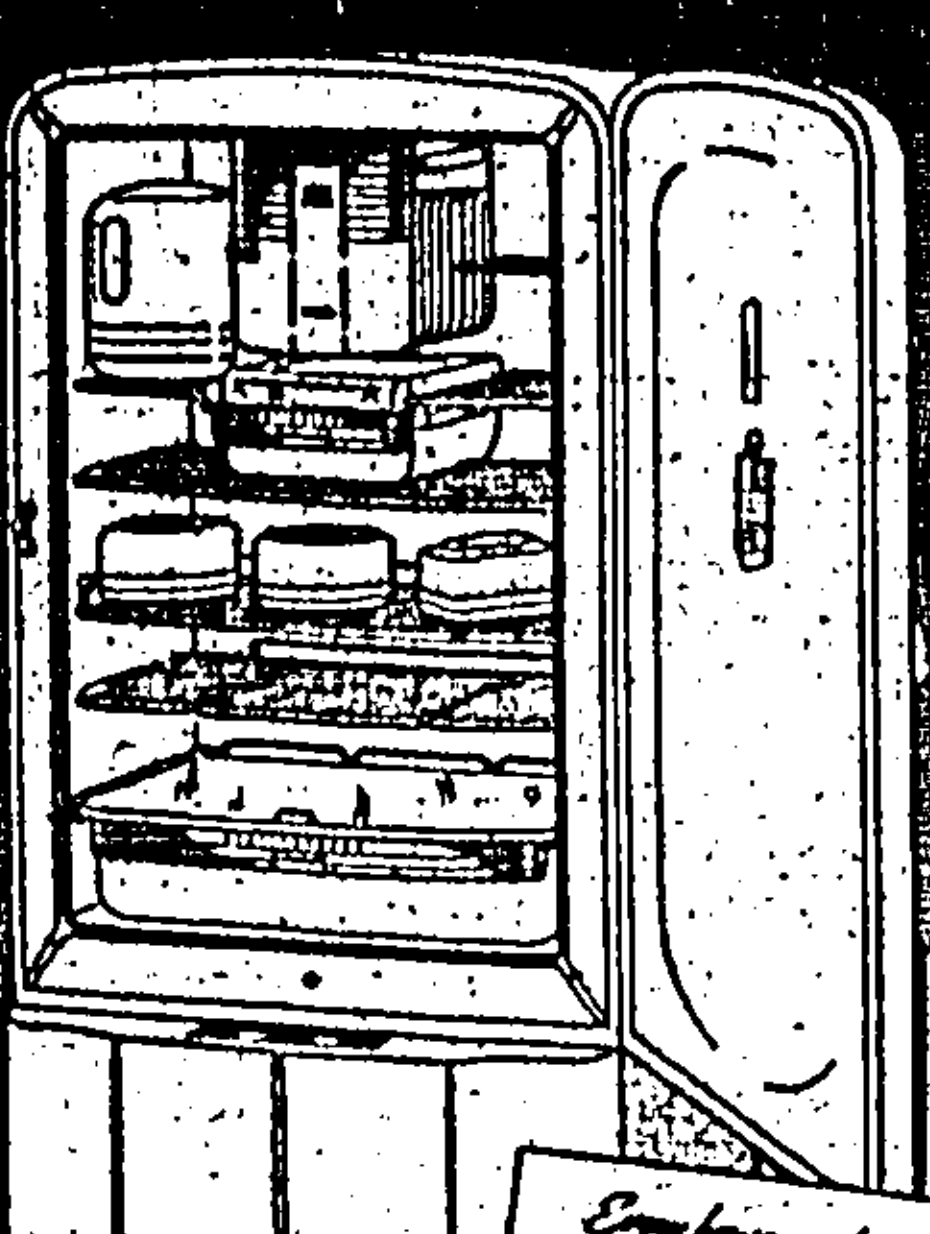
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Lord Stamp: Man Of Momentum

BREATHLESS MOMENTS

By CHARLES W. DUKE



In a huge trench on the town common near Carshalton, Surrey, England, a blazing bonfire is burning. The flames prey upon seven tons of oaken logs, a ton of firewood, a load of forest oak, a layer of charcoal and ten gallons of kerosene. The heat is terrific.

When the fire dies down to redhot embers, a slim little man from faraway India takes his place at the upper end of the trench. Carefully his feet are examined by a group of scientists, who find nothing in the way of protection against fire, except a square of court-plaster under the arch of the right foot. The left foot is entirely bare.

At a given signal the Indian steps into the embers. Down comes his bare left foot on a redhot ember—yet he winces not a bit! Calmly and with steady tread he traverses the length of the trench. Each time he sets a foot down he counts five. It is announced the surface heat of the trench is 800 degrees.

After completing the journey the full 12-foot length of the trench, the fire-walker calmly turns and retraces his steps. At the end of the experiment, when he steps forth smilingly from the fiery path, his feet are examined. They are unscorched, the piece of court-plaster is not even signed and the temperature of his pedal extremities is entirely normal.

How was it done? Kuda Bux, the fire-walker from India, says it is a ceremony performed by certain people of India at their religious festivals. No trick at all. All that one requires for such a feat is faith.

Joseph Dunninger, chairman of the Investigating Committee of the Universal Council for Psychic Research, says it is "hāi-wattari," a miracle performed only by Shinto priests, who know that while the fire burns hot at the edges of the pit the interior charcoal cools rapidly.

James Sherman of the Society of American Magicians says it is a trick done with the aid of a (Continued at foot of Col. 4.)

TO plan the smooth running of its vast machine of war economics, Britain employs the joint and widely representative services of a banker, an economist, a statistician, a railroad chairman, a building society president, and a foremost authority on public administration. A constant harmony of ideas is obtained by the simple expedient of their being all one and the same man—Lord Stamp, publicly least-known and privately most-employed figure of importance in wartime Britain.

A busy man and a man of stupendous energy is Josiah Charles Stamp, first Baron of Shortlands, G.C.B., G.B.E., K.B.E., C.B.E., Knight of Grace, Order of St. John of Jerusalem, Grand Cross with Star, Austrian Order of Merit.

Besides being such mundane but active things as Director of the Bank of England, Chairman of the London, Midland, and Scottish Railway, President of the Abbey of members of the Exports Coun-

cil, organised to plan and control an unparalleled trade drive, contains (guess who?) the name of Lord Stamp.

Now that is an imposing list of important positions for one man to fill (some say it is too many) and, of itself, explains sufficiently clearly a remark made to me recently by another British economist: "If you want to understand Britain's economic measures you have first got to understand Stamp."

And that is not a very difficult task, really, despite the amazingly complex nature of Lord Stamp's engagements and attainments. For Lord Stamp, the "wizard" of British war economy, is essentially a straightforward man. The Wizard of Oz, you remember, in spite of all the wonderful things he could do and his fabulous environment, turned out to be a very ordinary and likable fellow in the

ington and Lee Universities. The Greeks had some letters for him as well (Dr. L. of Athens). Not to mention the Portuguese.

His has been the success story in excelsis; just to pattern, with nothing unexpected in it. He came of an ordinary family, went to an ordinary school, became an ordinary junior civil servant at the age of 16 at the very ordinary wage of 15 shillings a week. He worked in the Inland Revenue Department all day, and studied economics most of the night, taking his degree by spare-time work.

At 23 he married a school-teacher, before he could afford it, and they happily plugged along on £4 a week. And very glad he was that he had taken this "rash action," for (according to the pattern of the model success story) he was thereby inspired to work all the harder. Soon he had made a name for himself by applying principles of economics and statistics on a sound scientific basis to taxation problems, then growing so vastly difficult. Before the end of the World War, when still in his thirties, he was Mr. David Lloyd George's chief financial adviser, and he soon won posts and honours in the world outside the Civil Service. One such was the Chairmanship of the London School of Economics.

Since then he has sought new worlds to conquer, finding new interests but always maintaining the old. He is a member of statistical societies in Britain, America, and Hungary, and was Treasurer of the International Statistical Institute. He has been President of the Geographical Society, the Advertising Association, the Library Association. He has been Chairman of the Rockefeller Social Service Advisory Committee. As a businessman he has been and is at once a railroad chairman, and director of those separate road transport companies.

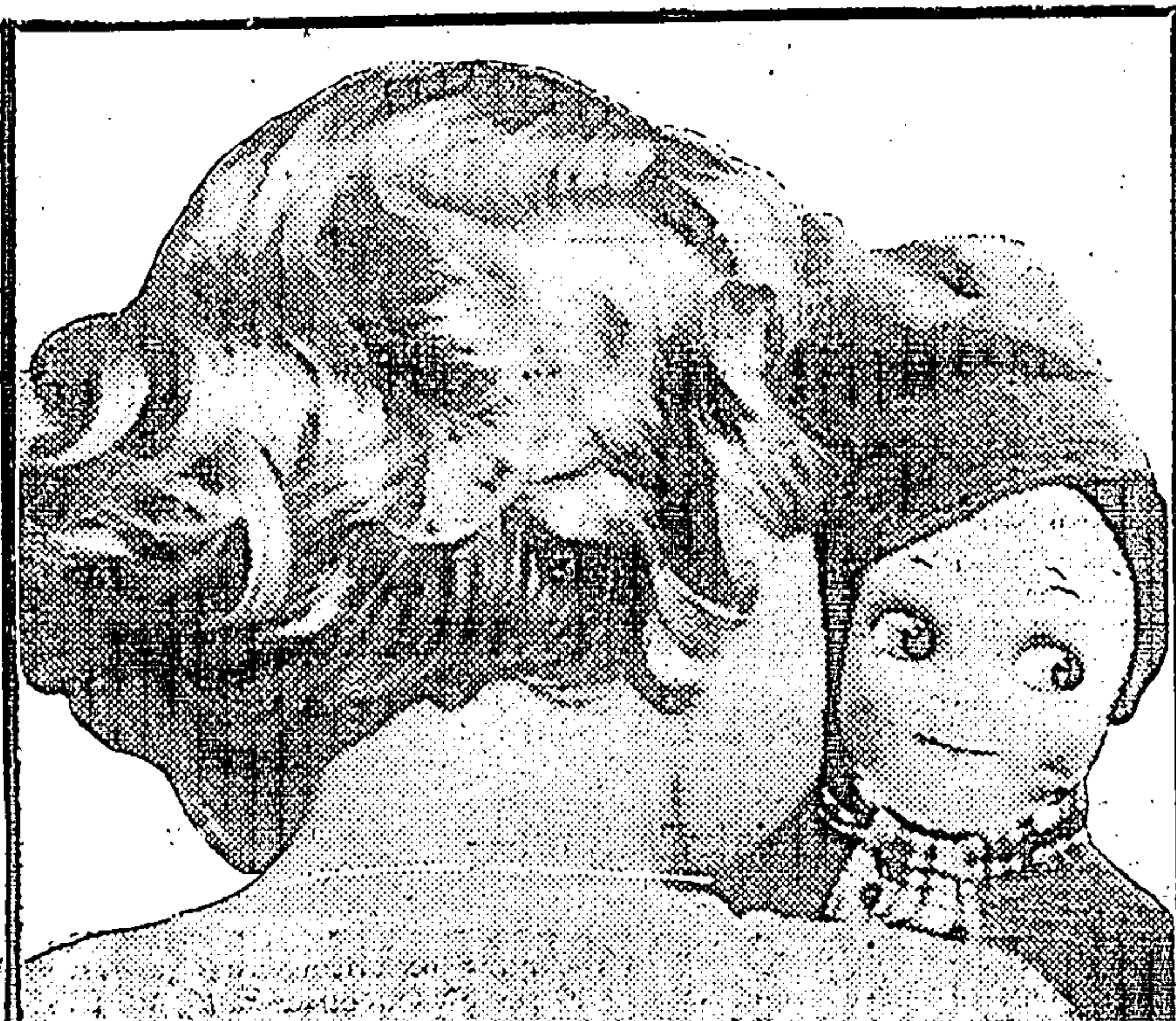
As the Chief of the Economic General Staff in the war, he will proceed steadily, solidly, safely, on a complex course, without any fancy theorising. For he is like that—as safe as his Bank of England, as solid as his Building Society, and as steady as the trains on his efficient, but ordinary, railway.

It is the average, everyday quality of Britain's Economic Adviser that is the reason why, although his name is known to all, his fame to most, this key man of the war effort is personally so little in the public eye. He has not the dazzling brilliance in theoretical work of some of his contemporaries, the marked individualities that naturally impress readers (and editors) of the popular press. His books seldom make headlines, his speeches are too sound, safe and solid to catch public imagination.

But these very things contain the key to his success. Lord Stamp has been the chosen man of a long line of premiers, Liberals as well as Conservatives. In 1916, Mr. Lloyd George sought his services as a financial adviser. He was called in to reorganise the Nobel Industries Limited, great chemical and explosive concern, after the World War. They called him in to be British Representative on the Dawes Reparations Committee. When the Young Committee came along, they hurriedly sent for sound, practical Josiah Stamp once more. When the Grain Futures Enquiry was opened in Canada in 1931, they made him Chairman. The list could go on and on. For Josiah Stamp may not be a great popular figure, but he is a great figure to governments.

Lord Stamp, unlike some of his contemporaries, is a comforting economist. He is not revolutionary, he does not produce new theories out of a hat with the air of conjuror's mystery that cannot be explained by any but the magician, he always stacks up with the accepted facts, he can be guaranteed never to say anything to startle you like many brilliant men. Yet there can be no denying that Lord Stamp is a man of brilliant intellect. He is, in fact, the great example of brilliant orthodoxy, the proof that conservatives are not just stolid average fellows that people of accepted brilliance seem to take them to be. And that is a cheering thought.

Lord Stamp's attainments are well enough known to the world of scholarship. He took first-class honours as a Bachelor of Science at London University before he attained his majority. Since then his work has gained him so many honorary degrees that they are commonly spoken of as the Stamp Collection. Oxford and Cambridge Universities have conferred doctorates upon him. So have the Universities of St. Andrews, Edinburgh, Leeds, Dublin, and Sydney, Australia. Also McGill, Toronto, Western Ontario, McMaster, Harvard, Columbia, California, Northwestern, Johns Hopkins, Southwestern, Syracuse, Duke, Wash-



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Protecting The Abbey Against Air Attack

If you attend a service in Westminster Abbey these days, you will find this notice on the seat:

AIR RAID WARNINGS

Should an Air Raid warning be sounded during Service, the procedure to be adopted is as follows:

1. All Abbey doors (except the East Cloister door) will be open.
2. The Service will at once be closed with the Blessing or the Grace.

3. In view of their special Air Raid Precautions duties, the Choir will leave the Abbey with all reverent speed and proceed to their posts of duty.

4. The congregation are urged also to leave the Abbey and take cover in the Shelters provided in the basement of the Methodist Central Hall, or in the basement of the new Church House at the south side of Dean's Yard.

5. The Clergy and Vergers on duty will remain in the Abbey until the congregation have had an opportunity to leave.

N.B.—The Public are advised that the Abbey is not a safe place during an Air Raid—and are strongly advised to take shelter as recommended above at any time when an Air Raid warning is given.

Behind that notice is a story of great interest to the whole world: the story of the defence of Westminster Abbey against air attack.

No national shrine in England, and few in the world, can be compared with the Abbey. Jeremy Taylor called it an "acre sown with royal seed," but it is not only a cemetery of kings, it is the place where statesmen, poets, writers, artists and inventors have been given national burial.

To be buried in the Abbey is the last tribute the nation can offer to a great man.

The Abbey is also the cradle of Parliamentary Government. The House of Commons struggled in infancy, and grew up, in the Chapter House of the Abbey. In that place it met until 1547, when it crossed the road to St. Stephen's Chapel in the Palace of Westminster.

In the Almonry of Westminster, near St. Anne's Chapel, Caxton set up his printing press; an association with the church that printers have perpetuated in the word "chapel" which they use to describe any printing works or meeting of printers.

So great and varied are the memories clustering about the noble building, and so many are the men buried there who belong not to England alone, but to the world, that any disaster to Westminster Abbey would cause a feeling of rage and sorrow to pass over the civilised earth.

When I went there the other day, I heard a fascinating story of wartime London. About a hundred people live in or about the Abbey precincts, and spend their lives in attendance on the church: Dean and Chapter, choir, vergers, the Registrar and his staff, the Clerk of Works and his staff.

All these people, some of them hardly known to each other by sight in peace-time, have been drawn into a close community by the danger of war, as if the Abbey were once again a self-contained walled monastery ruled by its abbot.

And for war purposes, this is precisely what has happened. If any danger threatened the Abbey, the church would be defended by the clergy and laymen who work there.

So far as A.R.P. is concerned, it is a self-contained unit, unconnected with Westminster's A.R.P., and the Abbey community has only one object—to preserve the

Abbey. It has its own sub-station of the Auxiliary Fire Service in Dean's Yard.

Every vergers member of the choir, and workman, is trained either in A.R.P. or fire-fighting. The Abbey's head warden is Mr. T. Hebron, the Registrar, and the chief fire-fighter is Mr. Bishop, the Clerk of Works. The wardens number 27, the fire-fighters 36, and the first-aid party 14.

"It was obvious that we had to organise our own defence," said the head warden, "because no outside person could be of much use to the Abbey. No one who does not know it intimately could find his way about; no fireman could find the hydrants, or make his way up to the triforium, unless he was familiar with the intricacies of the building."

"We know this wonderful church inside out, and we are therefore the right and proper people to defend it from air attack."

As I walked round the Abbey, I saw signs of war everywhere. Most of the important tombs have been sandbagged.

The tomb of Edward the Confessor, erected, says legend, on a mound of earth brought from the

Holy Land, is now invisible beneath its covering.

The Coronation Chair used to stand a few yards away, with the Stone of Scone beneath it. Chair and stone have been sent to the country and will not be seen again until the war is over.

In the north aisle of Henry VII's Chapel, a mighty rampart of sandbags conceals the tomb of Queen Elizabeth Mary, Queen of Scots, lies beneath a similar pile in the south aisle, and the splendid tomb of Henry VII and Elizabeth of York is completely submerged by sandbags.

But nothing can be done to safeguard the roof of the Henry VII Chapel, which is one of the most exquisite things in England; a roof of stone carved with such audacious certainty that it seems to hang robbed of all weight, like festoons of intricate, creamy lace.

But no matter how adequately sandbagged the monarchs may be, the fact remains that, as the notice states, "the Abbey is not a safe place during an Air Raid."

As I looked at the protection provided, the thought of the possible effect of a bomb upon an old building honeycombed with tombs, was present in my mind. Even during burials in the Abbey, during the moving of heavy monuments, the installation of heating, or in the course of ordinary renovations, the thin crust of marble pavement has now and then broken, affording a gruesome glimpse into the royal vaults below.

The coffin of Queen Elizabeth has been seen lying, as it has lain since 1603, on top of that of her sister, Mary. The coffin of Mary, Queen of Scots, lies in the middle of what Dean Stanley called a startling and an awful scene, surrounded, as it is, by a vast pile of leaden coffins, some of full size, some the size of small children, all confusedly heaped together,

one upon the other, while urns of various shapes lie tossed about here and there.

James I was discovered, not with his wife, Anne of Denmark, but lying side by side with Henry VII and Elisabeth of York, incredible companions in death. On another occasion a startling glimpse was seen of the last royal burial in the Abbey, the tomb of George II.

He lies with his queen Caroline, in a huge black sarcophagus, the sides of their coffins removed, as he directed just before his death, so that their remains might be mingled together.

Such dark, grim secrets of the vaults of Westminster, so different from the splendid marble monuments in the church above, are always present in the mind of the Abbey authorities, who pray that, whatever may happen to the Abbey, the dead may not be desecrated.

"Six firemen are on duty all night," I was told, "constantly patrolling the Abbey. Vergers, choirmen and others work a wardens' rota, and are on duty round the clock."

I said that I should like to visit the Abbey after dark: so in the

depth of the black-out that night, I returned and was admitted. I was taken through the Jerusalem Chamber by a guide with a torch, opening a little oak door, he led the way towards a wall of cold, empty darkness.

"Do you know where you are?" he asked. "I'm high up," I said, "and there is empty space in front of us; but I can see nothing."

"You are in Abbot Islip's pew, overlooking the South aisle of the nave," he replied. Then he raised his voice and called down into the darkness. "Hallo, there! Firemen! Just shine your torches on the Unknown Warrior's Grave, will you?"

There was a movement in the dark and suddenly two thin beams of light hovered a moment, lighting up a few gaunt columns before coming to rest upon a blaze of red poppies.

In the year 1920 I had seen the Unknown Soldier buried with pomp and ceremony. I have seen the grave many times since, but the Crypt, where I saw an astonishing sight,

nave. A convincing ghost presented itself: a tall, spectral form with black eye-sockets.

Putting my light on, I saw that at intervals along the triforium hang suits of white asbestos clothing with headpieces fitted with skull-like goggles.

They are not fond of ghost stories in Westminster Abbey, but a persistent inquirer can generally learn something of the inexplicable things occasionally seen by levelheaded engineers and plumbers.

I believe "the Abbey ghost" was last seen upon the eve of the marriage of the present King and Queen. It was kneeling in a brown habit at the high altar, which was already prepared for the wedding next morning.

He was such a solid-looking apparition that the closed church was searched in the belief that some stranger might have been locked in. But no one was discovered.

Returning to ground level, we found our way by torch flashes to the Crypt, where I saw an astonishing sight.

This small stone chamber has a single squat pillar of red sandstone, from the centre of which spring the sixteen ribs that support the floor of the Chapter House above. Vestments and altar frontals are kept here.

The vestments for the next day's services were carefully laid out, beautiful shimmering brocades sewn with threads of gold and silver, and next to them, on four kitchen chairs, were laid out with military precision four firemen's kits: belts, gum boots, gas-proof clothing, tin hats and respirators.

A more incongruous juxtaposition has surely never before been seen, even in Westminster Abbey.

Next, we entered the Chapel of the Pyx, where in ancient times the pyx, or box, containing the standard coin measures of gold and silver were kept. To-day the kits of thirty-five firemen hang there.

"Did you know that Westminster Abbey now has a hospital of its own?" asked my guide.

He unlocked the door to the Norman Undercroft and revealed one of the most surprising of all the Abbey's transformations. In that solemn, fortress-like room now stand rows of neat beds, ready for air-raid casualties.

Behind a screen is a table sent out with surgical instruments and first aid appliances. Those chiefly responsible for this strange revival of what appears to be a monk's dormitory are Mrs. Barry, wife of Canon Barry, and Mrs. Bullock, the wife of Dr. Bullock, the Abbey's organist.

With tender thoughtfulness, the ladies have expelled from the Undercroft a singularly hideous gargoyle and a huge stone coffin; two objects which they rightly feel air-raid casualties should not be asked to contemplate.

A visit to an air raid shelter, a building of reinforced concrete with its own gas filter plant (and designed so that at the end of the war it can be turned into a garage), completed my tour of Westminster Abbey in war time.

As I groped my way home through the black-out, I thought that nine centuries of life have shown the old church many strange things.

It has seen dead kings lying stripped to the waist in the glow of unbleached tapers; it has seen a Queen of England, Elisabeth Woodville, sitting "alone on the rushes all desolate and amazed," seeking sanctuary from her enemies; it has seen pomp and pride and piety go marching down the centuries in company with greed and envy and treachery; it has even known one murder.

Now at last something entirely new has happened to it: something that neither king, abbot nor baron could have imagined. We call it A.R.P., or 1940's miserable gift to history.

By H. V. Morton

SOLUTION OF TO-DAY'S PUZZLE

M	E	T	I	S	N	A	M	A	C	A	R	D	S	E	P	A	R	E
R	E	T	O	R	T	A	R	A	E	O	L	E	O	L	A	M	O	R
A	D	M	A	R	R	I	E	E	G	E	I	T	O	I	L	C	A	
I	D	E	Q	U	O	T	A	T	I	O	N	H	A	B	L	E	N	A
S	L	I	M	T	R	X	A	B	S	O	F	T	H	E	D	A	T	A
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Pages For Women

Do You Believe In
LUCKY NUMBERS?

THE more I study the subject of lucky numbers, the more I am convinced that there is something of greater import in it than many imagine.

Numbers are invaluable as clues to the character, outlook, and future of the person to whom they belong.

The late King Edward VII was all his life influenced by his ruling number, 9. He was born on November 9. His marriage occurred in the year 1863, and those numbers when added together reduce to 9. His Coronation was fixed for June 27. Add those figures together, and they reduce to 9. Actually he was crowned on August 9.

His secondary number 6, was also linked with many outstanding events. (The figure 6, you will note, is an inverted 9). King Edward died at the age of 69 on May 6.

I mention this case because it concerns someone known to all, but in your own life you should not have to look far for evidence of the fact that one or two numbers are ominous for you too.

Look at your Name Number. It is not difficult to calculate. All you have to do is jot down the numerical equivalent of each letter in the name you are known by. That, of course, is more like

ly to express your real self than your baptismal name.

Here is the "Alphabet of Numerology":

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	

And now let us take an example:

NEVILLE

5 5 4 9 3 3 5

Total of numbers 34

Add 3 and 4 7

3 8 1 4 2 5 9 3 1 9 5

CHAMBERLAIN

Total 50

Add 5 and 0 5

Add Christian and Surname 12

Add 1 and 2 to reduce to single digit 3

So Mr. Chamberlain emerges a "3" subject, and, in fact, comes out rather well, for it is one of the happiest numbers to be born under.

A surprising amount of information can be ascertained from the Name Number, and more still from your date of birth.

It was not an accident that you were born on, say, the 5th of the month, and it is not an accident that you possess certain traits of character which are typical of that number.

So, having worked out your name, find your Birth Number by

adding the digits together. If it was the 11th, your number would be 2; if 16th, then it would be 7.

Then look your number up, and unless I am sadly mistaken, you will agree that it, too, represents another phase of your personality.

Your Birth Number should be your most lucky one. Employ it wherever possible and it will prove wonderfully effective. You

By JAMES LEIGH

do not believe it? Well, try it and see!

1. These people show independence, originality, ambition. Inclined to domineer, but get things done. Self-confident, obstinate. Often opportunists but generously, scrupulously fair. Generally first-class salesmen.

2. Will co-operate, pool resources, sacrifice themselves. Very adaptable, but not consistent. Friendly, sociable, dislike "scenes" and will do anything to avoid them. Need plenty of rest, relaxation. Emotions frequently rule attitude.

3. Keynote: Expression. The type who can never stay long pent up—must manifest themselves in some way. Very affectionate, imaginative, artistic. Take a cheer-

ful view of their difficulties.

4. Like to be "different", but their methods are staunch, reliable. Dislike change, novelty. Systematic, sincere, but often lacking imagination. Hard workers.

5. Mercurial, dual-natured, changeable. Can argue for and against at the same time. Hard to pin down. Brilliant minds, clever at imitating. Ready grasp of unfamiliar ideas, suggestions. Friendships not lengthy, owing to frequent change of heart and mind.

6. Most "homely" type. Domesticated, settled, and kindly outlook. Steadfastness and ready understanding. Sometimes given to over-indulgence. Not "money-grabbers." Inclined to be very set, and rather conventional in views.

7. Intuitive, contemplative, and somewhat reserved. Very loyal in

friendships, but unready to forgive or forget injustices. Like old things: furniture, paintings, anything which has a history. Need cheerful company, apt to be depressed. Penetrating vision. Good confidants.

8. Business ability: strongly marked. Very willing workers, but apt to "drive" others. Great entusiasts. Very determined, courageous, daring. Formidable competitors, unsentimental.

9. Very broad-minded, and likely to make many self-sacrifices. Frequently socialistic in outlook, but entirely unpractical. Very interested in other people's affairs. Strong artistic sense. Not good in driving a bargain. Under-stand and highly sympathetic natures. Difficult to dictate to, but quickly respond to appeals.

(Copyright Reserved)

Your Photograph,
Please

"HE wants a picture of me to and appealing, as it is in real life, take with him when his Be specially careful to draw the leave is up," she wrote, "but I edges clean and firm (a lip pencil always' photograph so terribly helps), and put a touch of cream badly. Do give me some advice. I to make your lips shine. Sniooth, look so badly made up, with a shiny skin surfaces photograph glassy stare; although I make up much more appealingly than matt my face just as naturally as if I ones.

Make-up for your Picture!

And that's the very reason why her photos are never a success! Mistake number four is in the her photos are never a success! She gave herself away in that last sentence. make-up for your cheeks. Ordinarily you use a light creamy powder over milk foundation and a touch of rouge, and it's been a

The very last thing you want great success. But that light powder for a photograph is a natural der will look dead white through everyday makeup. The camera a camera and the rouge or even can play a lot of disconcerting the natural red in your cheeks tricks, exaggerating some things will photograph dark and sha- and eliminating others, and you dowy. What's more, the lens have to learn another set of tricks magnifies and exaggerates every to counteract them. Making-up tiny flaw, wrinkle, spot or case in for a camera needs just the op- your skin. posite technique to making-up for a party.

For instance, when you're off to the skin look as smooth and flawless keep a date, it's fine idea to have to the eye of a camera as it does your hair done just before, so that to other people's eyes, is to apply it stays sleek and smooth in curls your face. This is a little round that only a hairdresser can make. cake, which you damp with a sponge and then smooth on. Use

But when that newly-set hair a tan colour, it's best for a photo- gets under the studio lights, that graph, and you can use it up later sleekness and firmness is exagger- ated into a hard set look, most unhelpful to your face and to the photographer. He gets his prettiest lashes. Even if you've never look- effects by lighting behind and on at lash make-up before, use it the hair, by giving you a halo of now. With its wicked talent for light and softness. exaggerating, a camera just elim- inates pale or sandy lashes.

That's the first point to remem- ber: when you've fixed your ap- pointment with the photographer arrange to have your shampoo and set two days before it, so that things to say to you. First about your hair will be soft and shin- ing and not too hard and tightly set. dress: most of you want to wear your favourite, or his favourite frock, without considering whe- ther it will photograph well. A

The second mistake that most of plain frock with well-cut should- you make is to think that for such ers and a neat pretty neck line an important occasion your or- with perhaps a contrast collar or dinary everyday hair style isn't single piece of jewellery, will good enough. So you ask your make the best background for hairdresser to design you a new you, and super glamorous hair style.

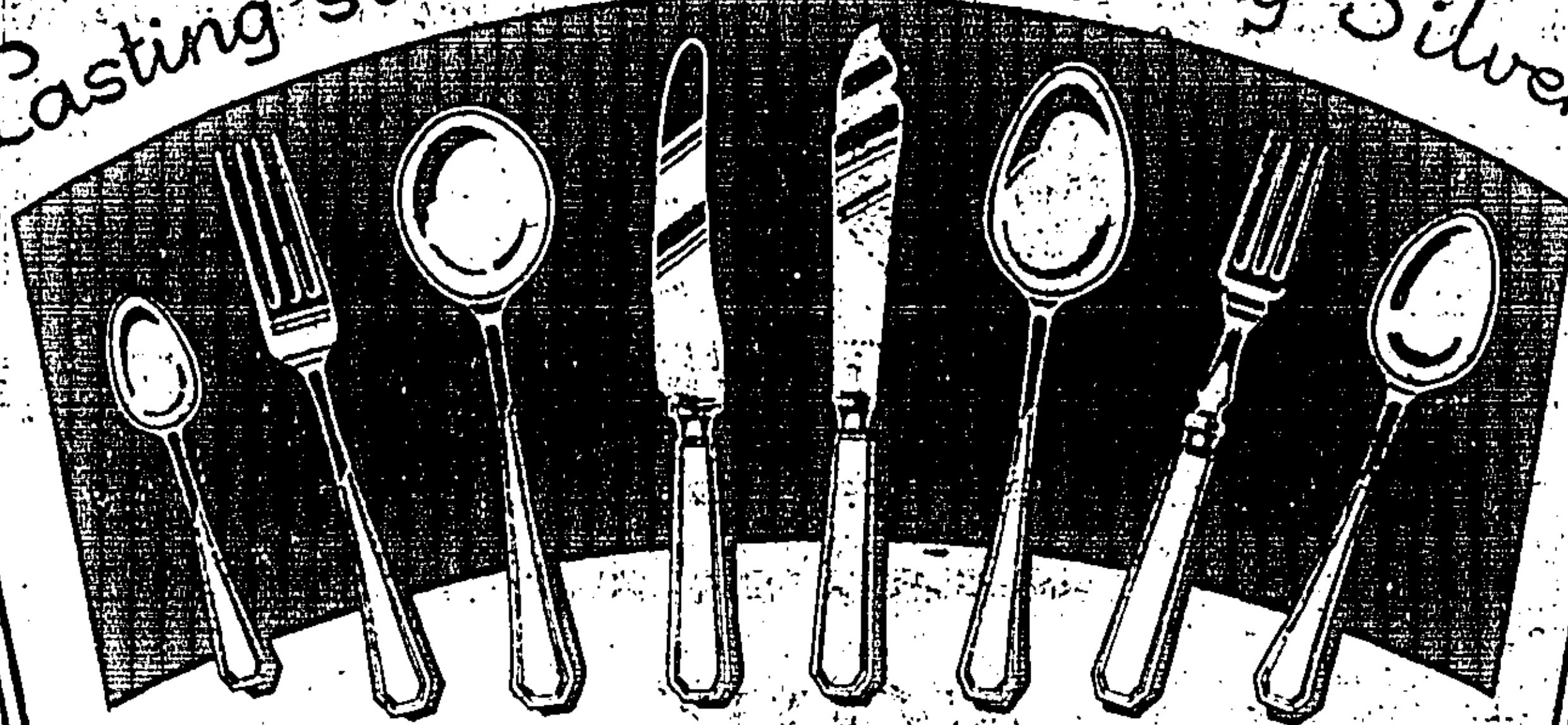
Then when the photograph ar- rives, nobody likes it because "it doesn't look like you." Of course not, when nobody has ever seen you with that hair-do before. And then, when you're in front of the camera, just leave every- thing to the man who is doing the job. Don't tell him which is your best side, he'll find that out for himself and may not agree with you. Don't, unless it comes easily to you, force a smile. Do close your eyes for a second if you feel they're getting into a glazed stare, and do moisten your lips to keep your lips look over made up.

The third, fourth and fifth mis- takes are all in make-up. Normal- ly you probably use a warm mid- red lipstick, but the camera pho- tographs red as black. That's why and do moisten your lips to keep your lips look over made up. them looking dewy.

So when you make up for your And, here's the most difficult photograph, remember to use a part of the whole proceedings—very little, very light orange lip- look natural, look pleasant, think stick (you can get a sample size of your holidays, or ice-cream just for the occasion). It may be sundaes or breakfast in bed, or of a colour you wouldn't be seen "him." You'll look yourself then, dead in at a party, but it will and, after all, that's what he's make your mouth clear-curved asked for.

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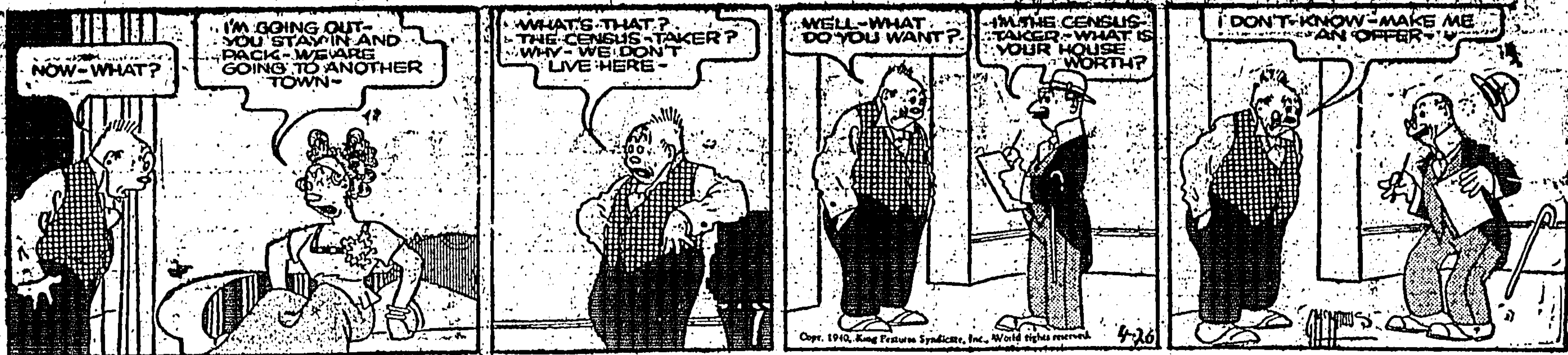


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Bringing Up Father

By George MacMenus



YOU TOO CAN LUNCHEON DISHES

SING LIKE GALLI-CURCI

ONE morning in Hollywood Gilbert Wright, screen and fiction writer, was shaving underneath his chin, with his mouth open, when he heard the sound of his whiskers being cut coming out of his mouth.

Rushing to a music shop, he bought a tuning fork, struck the fork, pressed its handle to the side of his throat and mouthed a silent "Hello." It came out faintly. "Hello" in A, the voice of the fork.

Starting from this point, Wright, a former professor of physics, spent two years building in his spare time a machine called the Sonovox, which may cause as great a revolution in motion pictures as did the advent of sound, writes Nancy Pope in "Collier's weekly".

The Sonovox is a simple little machine with a sound box like a phonograph to which two small, biscuit-shaped vibrators are connected by wires.

Start a record of Tito Schipa singing O Sole Mio, hold the vibrators to each side of your neck, open your lips and you hear the golden voice of Schipa coming out of your mouth! Now, silently, mouth the words, "Oh, thrilling splendor!" Instead of "O sole mio," Schipa will sing, "Oh, thrilling splendor!" You have caught the stream of Italian in your mouth and remoulded it into English.

WRIGHT, the novelist son of two things: the buzz or hum made Harlod Bell Wright, got his idea for the Sonovox because he was working on a screen play in that can be raised or lowered in

You can sing with the voice of a Caruso or Galli-Curci, thanks to Sonovox—a recent invention that will work new movie miracles.

which the murderer, fleeing the scene of his crime, was haunted by the sound of the train wheels accusing him, "You killed her, you killed her, clackety-clack, you killed her!" The producers were planning, in the usual fashion, to take the sound of the train wheels and dub in some corny voice speaking the necessary words.

Wright, however, thought it would be much better if the wheels themselves could speak in their own voice. Engineers told him it couldn't be done. But he shaved the tuning fork and Wright's knowledge of the science of sound solved the problem.

To-day, with the Sonovox, speaker, shaping sound into wheels or a violin, a fire siren or a cement mixer; and anyone can be Caruso or Galli-Curci. Actually all you do is act as a loud-speaker, shaping sound into words when, as and if you Wright.

To begin with, Wright knew that ordinary speech is caused by the vibration of the vocal cords, a buzz was working on a screen play in that can be raised or lowered in

TO-DAY I've chosen for you some recipes for hot dishes that are light, easily cooked and prepared, and eminently suitable for the present weather.

SOLE AMERICAINE

- 1 filleted sole
- 3 large tomatoes
- 1 lemon
- Parsley
- Seasoning

Wipe the tomatoes and cut in half, scoop out the pulp. Cut the fillets into neat pieces, season well, sprinkle with lemon juice and chopped parsley and roll up. Place a roll of fish inside each tomato and place in a baking dish. Cover with a sheet of greased paper and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

VEAL ESCALOPES

- 6 veal fillets
- 1 egg
- Breadcrumbs
- 1 hard-boiled egg
- Chopped parsley
- Salt and pepper
- 1 lemon

The veal should be cut thinly and beaten with the back of a wooden spoon to get the fillets even in thickness. Season the fillets well and dip in flour, then coat in egg and bread-crumbs. Fry the escalopes for ten to fifteen minutes according to the size, and turn during cooking so that they are evenly brown on both sides. Drain and serve on a hot dish, arranging them so that they are overlapping. Put a half-slice of lemon on each fillet. Separate the white and the yolk of the egg and chop the white finely. Sieve the yolk, and arrange round the escalopes with a line of chopped egg white next, and chopped parsley as an edge.

pitch and volume, and that's all; and second, the modifications of this buzz in the mouth by plate, tongue, teeth and lips—these modifications form the actual syllables of articulate speech.

What Wright wanted to do was to supply another buzz for the human buzz in the throat. So he enlarged the vibrations from a phonograph record or a sound track so that they would actually cause the human throat to vibrate.

WHEN Sonovox is in common use, American motion pictures will be transmuted and remoulded into any desired language by professional articulators. The American voices will be exactly the same, but the words as they come from the screen will be perfect Spanish, French or Italian.

Likewise, we English-speaking audiences may hear foreign actors speaking with their own voices—and understand them. No more unsatisfactory dubbed sound which never seems to fit the rhythm of the action, no more superimposed titles jumping out at you from the bottom of the screen.

In newsreels you may hear Hitler, in his own hysterical voice, address the Reichstag in English, if that's any treat.

Outside the motion-picture field, Sonovox can be of great service to people who have lost their voices through disease or accident. For individuals thus afflicted, Sonovox will consist of small button vibrators worn on either side of the throat, invisible under the collar, and attached to a battery similar to that for a hearing aid.

When the battery is switched on, it will send the necessary sound vibrations into the throat. The wearer himself will shape the words. Although undoubtedly the voice will be far better than no voice at all.

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Yardley English Lavender
Lavender Toilet Soap—The Luxury Soap of the World
Lavender Face Powder English Complexion Cream

YARDLEY LAVENDER



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SHORT STORY

A PASSAGE OF ARMS

By Countess
Von Haarsch

SHE may have once been a dancer—nobody knew much about it. In that tarnished, smelly hotel, pushed into a backwater of soon followed by another; and she Marseilles, she passed muster and accepted it willingly enough. Le Patron liked that reticence; still flaunted what gaudy silks and lace she may have earned in an earlier, glittering hour. Her frizzed hair was still golden under the heavily made-up face, her black eyes and a sharply carmined mouth still mocked and challenged. She tripped across the dingy, smoky lounge on her red Louis heels, a light tune on her ironic lips, and newcomers turned to the fat, bearded 'patron':

"Is she a guest of yours?"

Le Patron always answered: "But yes, she is a guest. She has honoured us here for three years," he lowered his voice, "Madame Lucille is French; but I, who speak to you, know and others know also that Madame Lucille is the widow of Grand Duke Peter. Of the most tragic—"

Le Patron paused to let this information sink in. Then he added with a flourish of his fat hand:

"But yes, she is a guest. Also she obliges, M'sieur."

For a garret and three sketchy meals a day, Madame Lucille did oblige—more than occasionally. Le Patron liked to have his guests entertained. Her repertory did not vary much, but the audience was not exacting. A few French songs, a negro spiritual or two, and something that went down quite successfully as 'danse russe.' Pavlova might have questioned the last item, but the crowd at 'Le Petit Chat' accepted it enthusiastically. Madame Lucille's black skirts billowed round, as she spun out her fantastic measure. Her bare arms raised, she sank on the floor, her carmined lips arched in a mocking smile. Le Patron beamed: The guests clapped till the window panes rattled. Madame Lucille looked pleased, and at supper her table carried an extra half-bottle of white Bordeaux.

They all liked her dancing but none of them dared asked her questions. Le Patron's remarks about her widowhood were intriguing. A Russian Grand Duke and a cosmopolitan dancer. The guests burned with eagerness to find out details. Le Patron had none to give them. Madame Lucille was forbidding in her reticence. One evening a newcomer from Cherbourg, a M. Lupin, who travelled in kid gloves and cheap perfume, treated her to a dinner and tried a little mild pumping on his own. Madame's black eyes went cold.

"My excuses, M'sieur, but me, I never speak of this!"

M. Lupin's fat face went a deeper red. He checked himself and pressed another liqueur on his lips.

"There goes Madame Lucille. A Russian Grand Duke... Ah, but nobody knows more than this—"

They all stared at her. They made endless conjectures when she was not with them. She chose to be silent. They let her.

And Madame Lucille kept silent until an unfortunate accident in the scullery. The hot water tank burst and scalded Maurice, one of the dish-washers. They took him away in an ambulance. Le Patron wrung his hands. "Le Petit Chat" was not the kind of hostelry that could use services of any agencies. Le Patron had to go down to the docks to find what he called 'a convenient person.' The fat old man had his own ideas on the subject.

That evening Madame Lucille 'obliged' with more than her usual grace. Arms raised high, she was finishing her 'danse russe.' Suddenly her eyes strayed towards the widely opened door. She stared hard for a few seconds. Then something sickly stole across her face. Her mouth twitched. She sank to the floor, unsmiling. Her shoulders trembled. The guests rushed to her.

"A little fresh air," Madame Lucille managed to gesture feebly. "Merci. This fatigue will pass."

It did. She ate, drank and laughed with the crowd, but later she looked for Le Patron:

"M'sieur, there came a giant into the lounge when I was dancing. He was no habitué. He had very dark hair. He wore a workman's clothes. Now who he is of the utmost importance—"

Le Patron tugged at his beard. "See here, that one should never have come in. No doubt, the boys in the kitchen chattered so much about Madame's accomplishments," he bowed gallantly, but Madame Lucille insisted:

"But, what say you, who is he? I seem to know him."

Le Patron beamed. "Me, I had good fortune to-day. Maurice will not return for months, and I need a new dish-washer. I go down to the docks to my good friend, Girard, at the Moulin Vert, and he has the very man for me. That giant, he came here from Italy. Girard says they call him 'Il Lento' because he is so slow. I reckon he will keep my noisy boys in order."

"From Italy?" Madame echoed doubtfully. "M'sieur, that one is no Italian."

Le Patron coughed deprecatingly, pressed another liqueur on his lips.

Girard says that one comes from the north. You understand?"

"Perfectly," her voice rang icily. "Then he is a Russian. Of his insolence, I have had a proof."

M'sieur, I beg of you not to allow him to come to the lounge again."

"I swear to you—"

But Madame Lucille had not finished.

"I have good reasons, M'sieur. My position is peculiar and delicate. Not everyone who comes from the north is nice to know. There are enemies."

"But yes, Madame, it shall be as you wish," he reassured her.

Madame Lucille hurried off to her garret. She undressed, folded and put away her tired finery, threw a thin cotton wrap on her shoulders, and sat down on her narrow bed. With an impatient gesture she blew out the candle. Pale moonlight floated into the room, and she would not draw the curtain.

"Incredible... What..."

She cupped her chin in both hands. "In such a backwater... I may have been mistaken... No, no, I had better ignore him... I have secured a position here."

Yet she could not go to sleep. She knew that her position was not secure because of a clever French song and an exotic dance, but because she stirred sympathy and curiosity, created an atmosphere of remote mystery, lent glamour to the Petit Chat. Many could sing and dance indifferently. Very few trod the world—a veiled tragedy in their wake.

Madame Lucille knew this but too well. She also knew that even though the stranger had appeared as a common dishwasher at the Petit Chat, her days of unprobed mystery might well be counted. Therefore it was up to her to begin looking for fresh pastures. She would have to line her pocket before she did so. She thought of M. Lupin from Cherbourg who travelled in gloves and was so generous with drinks and meals. M. Lupin was a man of rather untidy habits. He often forgot his change on the table. She had heard a maid say that he never locked anything in his room. Which was careless, the repute of the Petit Chat considered. Well, she would watch the new kitchen hand closely and get even with him before her glittering days came to their end. Also she would wait for a convenient opportunity to slip into M. Lupin's room. Of course, she would be careful enough to wear gloves, she thought sleepily.

Le Patron remembered his promise, and the new dishwasher was curiously told that backwater, scullery and kitchen were good enough for him.

"No more loitering at the door of the lounge, my old one."

"Good, M'sieur," the newcomer bent his huge body over the sink. The great arms, bared to the elbow, grew busy over greasy dishes and dirty suds. Le Patron grunted and went off. The man working next to the stranger, gave a coarse chuckle.

"My faith—but she is a cat of jealousy. She must have heard you come from the north. Your name, my brave one?"

Slowly, the giant wrung out a sodden dishcloth.

"Il Lento," he never moved his head. "I have worked in Italy. They called me that. I am never quick."

"Well, Il Lento, say you are a Russian, are you not—even though you come from Italy—"

"I was born there."

The other guffawed.

"Just that? Take care, my old one! Madame Lucille will not have rivals in mystery."

"The dancer?"

"But yes, she dances—but she is a Grand Duke's widow also. Grand Duke Peter. Have you not heard?"

"I see," said Il Lento non-committally and moved away to fetch another stack of soiled plates.

When he came back to the sink, his neighbour threw him one contemptuous look. That one had no funds. The night before, after he had refused another liqueur, he had laughed and boasted that if he chose, he could buy up all the cellars in Marseilles.

Yes, she would try her luck that afternoon and then vanish. But the first she would get even with the new dishwasher from the north.

That evening, Le Petit Chat was unusually quiet. Everybody had the voices rise, crescendo, but he never caught a word. His hands and Madame Lucille, when invited by M. Lupin, had archly pleaded several weary years. His mind had its own concerns, and none could pry into them.

Flop-flop, slap splash-splash... Il Lento's lined, bronzed face stayed impassive. His blue eyes reflected nothing.

But vividly he remembered that smoky crowded lounge, a pathetic figure, so absurd, in her tawdry silver lace, her thin arms, raised above her extravagantly dressed head, the heavily made-up face, the big black eyes darting towards the door. Those eyes, on seeing him, went filmy with fear. He could not understand it—but those eyes had recognition woven with terror in them. Il Lento shrugged over the sink. Who was she? He could not humanly remember everyone he had ever met. But why that terror? Last night it had puzzled him. Now he knew the reason.

"Grand Duke Peter's widow... Of the most tragic..."

The mid-day meal was due, and Il Lento slowly wiped his hands. The towel was sodden and greasy, but he noticed nothing. He was busy—wondering, remembering.

Years he no longer chose to count stretched in his mind. Stormy, danger-fraught wanderings patterned those years. Europe, South America, the United States, Canada, Europe again. His mind jealously shuttered against the past, he sold the energy of his muscles to whomever desired it—mostly to such as Le Patron of Le Petit Chat who asked no questions and expected no half-truths. Il Lento would not give half-truths, and questions were futile so far as he was concerned. He did his job. Well, then... his employers shrugged and used him.

Yet here in a backwater of Marseilles he was facing a new situation. Angry? He could not help being angry.

"We were made enough in our day, but we never married them. My brother could never have done it."

The red devil of fury leapt in him. He felt the whole thing was so shoddy. He might have trade on his own legitimate rank, playing polo, sipping cocktails and dancing somewhere on the Riviera. He might have won ease and comfort at the price of no single effort. Il Lento glanced at his huge muscular arms.

"Instead, I have preferred to put you on the market," he murmured to his hands.

Now he understood that naked fear in her black eyes. She must have recognised him at once. Expose her? Well, that would not be difficult—except that he would have to reveal his own identity. Still, was it right that he should keep aloof and watch an adventuress trade on a great name?

Il Lento ate his peppery sausage in silence. The men around him pelleted one another with coarse stories. They decided to cold-shoulder him. A temporary hand worth bothering about. Il Lento felt almost grateful to them.

A week passed. Madame Lucille continued 'obliging' in the smoky lounge. Some guests remarked that she was getting thinner and that there was a strange listless look in her eyes. Le Patron thought she was getting tired, not merely an adventuress but a secretly he hoped for Maurice's fool to boot. Somehow he knew he could not fight a fool.

She was torn to pieces by her own answer, swayed by wild terror lest he were to expose her cheap tricks. She threatened to deny him a few weeks' livelihood. Il Lento shrugged wearily. He wished he had not opened his mind to long buried memories. "You are such a great gentleman, George."

No gentleman could bring a woman into disgrace. No gentleman could fight a woman.

He sighed.

"You are a spy," she hissed at him again. "You come here because you hear of me. Yes? You are like a crouching beast!"

Her voice broke off, as from the back of the house came the loud shouts of Le Patron:

"Has she vanished then, name of a dog?"

Il Lento heard her gasp. She turned round—but the backyards was a 'cul-de-sac' and there was no escape through the scullery. Her left hand clutched at the doorpost. Her face went chalkily white. "I should have gone," she murmured, her fury turned to grey ashes, "but they are hours too early."

Il Lento stared at her. And in the open mouth of the back door he saw a group of people rushing forward. Le Patron his fat face purple, M. Lupin, a couple of ex-priests, and a headcheese.

His work done, Il Lento slipped cited maids into the backyard to smoke a quiet

pipe. The scullery was empty. The hotel stood still. In about an hour or so he imagined they would all come back from the fair, drinking and dancing would start, but meanwhile he had the place to himself.

He sat down on the worn stone step and leisurely filled his pipe. He had thought much and hard during the week and had decided there was nothing for him to do. Let the shoddy drama be played out until the curtain fell. Some day she would blunder badly and trip of her own accord.

Someone began playing a mandoline in a house across the street, and the giant's shoulders stiffened. Music... A star was born over his head, and for a second he shut his eyes. The starry skies over the Crimean coast, a white dream of a palace, cupped in candeliers, a woman's voice speaking... A woman's voice stilled ages and ages ago.

"Not all the Imperial blood in you, George, would make me love you... Nothing except that you are such a great gentleman."

Il Lento's fingers trembled, and he nearly dropped his pouch. That way ran danger. He had no right to think about his dead wife.

A light step fell on his ear. He swung round. A lamp was hanging over the door-lintel. Madame Lucille, her silver dress a faintly shimmering cloud, was coming down the steps.

Slowly he rose to his feet. She stopped, placing herself to the left of the lamp. Her black eyes were blazing. His voice quietly wished her good-evening.

She stamped her high heel on the cobbles.

"See here—who are you?"

He gave no reply.

"You come to spy on me—"

"Madame is not my employer—"

"Ah, you will be insolent—"

"That I could not be."

He kept quiet, but his temples began throbbing. Under the glaring lamp her face stood out in all ruthlessly revealing detail: the crudely carmined mouth, the coarse outline of cheek and chin. Something made him feel sick, but he kept quiet.

"You are a spy," she hissed at him. "This hotel is of the most respectable. You stand and sneer—but you shall go."

"Madame is not my employer—"

Her southern temper broke out at his calm. She had been successful in M. Lupin's room. Her own way lay clear, but not before she had ground this man's pride under her feet.

In her fury she forgot to think about caution. She raised her voice and stood, her arms akimbo.

"I don't employ dishwashers, no, not I. Your Imperial Highness must find the occupation entertaining; eh? It is a step down from living in palaces? Well, I go—but you shall go also. I shall tell them of the police that you are a spy. Foreign labour is now restricted in France—I shall go—but I shall make a nice lot of trouble for you, my friend. I am a French woman, and I know my people."

Il Lento stepped back. For a moment he considered her with something like curiosity. She was not merely an adventuress but a fool to boot. Somehow he knew he could not fight a fool.

She was torn to pieces by her own answer, swayed by wild terror lest he were to expose her cheap tricks. She threatened to deny him a few weeks' livelihood. Il Lento shrugged wearily. He wished he had not opened his mind to long buried memories. "You are such a great gentleman, George."

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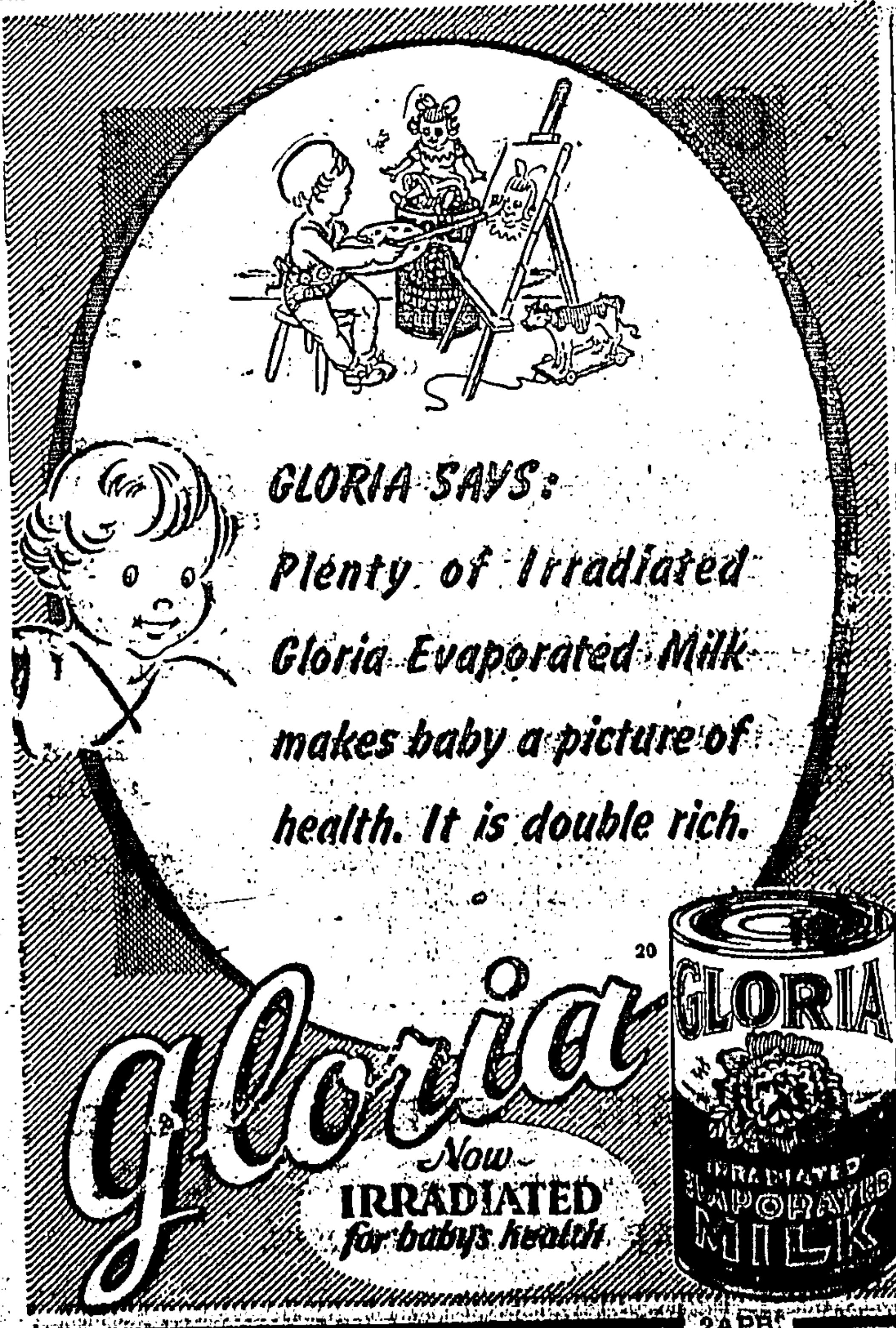
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(Continued on Page 15)



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A PASSAGE OF ARMS

(Continued from Page 14)

Le Patron saw Madame Lucille and jumped down the steps, his face livid with fury.

"You," he spluttered. "You eat of my food and have of my hospitality—and you dishonour me. Free food and drink are not enough—so you must steal—"

"M'sieur" her voice was like a dead leaf pattering to the ground.

"But I will not listen. It is for you to be silent. You are not clever enough, my little one. Did you not go to M. Lupin's room? Just a few hours ago? And all your own things are packed, my pretty? M. Lupins swears he is short of several hundred francs. If you wished to steal, head of a sheep, why must you go and spill your powder all over his room? I give you of my hospitality . . . A Duke's widow . . . Dishonour . . . What—" Le Patron's rage nearly choked him.

Madame Lucille said nothing. The maids sniggered. M. Lupin cleared his throat. But Il Lento looked at Madame Lucille and saw two huge tears tremble on the thickly painted cheeks. If she had said as much as one word, Il Lento knew she would have lied.

But she had nothing to say. He could see through her tinsel pretence, her cheapness, her petty dishonesties, her pathetic make-believe . . . She had claimed to be his brother's widow, had traded on the myth in the slimy backwaters of Marseilles. Yet these things suddenly became unimportant. She was a woman, bullied by a brute of a man. Il Lento moved away from the shadows.

"Monsieur," he spoke coldly, "you must leave Madame alone. What proof have you of her guilt? The maids may have invented the story of the powder. Madame has honoured me with her presence since the early afternoon."

He stopped. The men guffawed loudly. Madame Lucille caught her breath. Il Lento would not look at her.

Le Patron clenched his fists. "Of a joke this is the most stupid. My maids lie—never," he

thundered. "You dirty lot of a dishwasher . . . You go back to your sink this very instant."

Il Lento shook his head. "My excuses, Monsieur. If he would be good enough to send the others away, I might have something to say to him. Madame can remain—out of hearing—"

The tone of his voice made Le Patron gruffly accede to the suggestion.

Madame Lucille slunk farther away from the door. Il Lento spoke in a lowered voice.

"I come here from Monsieur Girard. Monsieur Girard is a friend of Monsieur. Monsieur Girard talks in his cups. He gets rum very cheaply—as Monsieur knows—"

Le Patron hissed— "You threaten me, canaille?" "That I do not, Monsieur. I merely suggest that I go with Monsieur to the police when he

gives Madame in charge. The gentlemen at the police station might be bored with a trifling theft story. I propose to divert them in a better way. Monsieur Girard could not show Government excise tax receipts for the rum, and I gather that Monsieur le Patron goes shares with him."

Fists clenched, le Patron shouted:

"You will leave my hotel this instant, you and this woman. If I hear any more of that rum talk abroad, I shall have your neck wrung, my friend—"

Il Lento shrugged. "It has served its purpose, Monsieur."

Le Patron swung round and slammed the door. The giant stood still. Then a hand touched his sleeve, and he remembered Madame Lucille with an effort.

"M'sieur," she was sobbing. "This is of the most chivalrous. I

have no words—"

"None—are needed," he said lightly. "Madame will forgive me if I make a suggestion—"

"But certainly—"

Il Lento looked away, above her fantastically dressed head, above the tiled roof of the hotel, where the stars' solemn processional went on, golden dots in the black-blue Southern sky.

"Madame will leave Le Petit Chat and Marseilles," he spoke slowly as though his very thoughts were between heaven and earth.

"Madame will sing and dance, and may she have good luck where ever she goes. But she will wipe out her tragic antecedents, she will cease trading on a great name."

Her breath came and went. Her hand clung to his rough sleeve. "I promise, M'sieur. But—but— Le Patron—"

"Was right about the theft," Il Lento said indifferently. "This did not matter to me—"

She gave a tiny cry. "Yet M'sieur defended me—"

He moved up the steps of the porch. "Madame is a woman," he replied coldly.

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A crowded Registry office; scene of last Tuesday's rush to register under Government's compulsory evacuation scheme. (Tong).



At Right.—Scene during play at the open rink game at C.S.C.C. last week-end. (Tong).



Driver Bradshaw, R.A.S.C., and his bride, the former Miss L. Hokloff, photographed after their marriage at the Registry, Supreme Court, last Saturday. (Tong).



Sir John and Lady Fagge are shown here leaving the church under the guard-of-honour provided by Faversham A.F.S. (Copyright, Fox Photos).

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The man on whose shoulders rests the destiny of England: General Sir Edmund Ironside, Commander-in-Chief of Home Defence. (Copyright, Fox Photos).



Miss Ivy Frier, aged 27, who until a short time ago was a housemaid in Sittingbourne, became Lady Fagge when she married Sir John William Fagge, Bart, at the Newington Parish Church, Kent, in May. The 29-year-old baronet is a two-pound a week farm worker, who inherited the title two months ago from his uncle Sir John Harry Lee Fagge, whose death occurred in America at the age of 71. A picture of the bride, arriving at the church with her father, is given above. (Copyright, Fox Photos).